The
# SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### GOOD NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The hour is getting late, my love—
The moon is out of sight—
And so, I think, I'd better go;
Good night, my love, good night.

How fair your face is now, my love,
Kissed by the pale starlight;
I'm jealous of such kisses, and—
*I'll* kiss you, so—good night.

There—let me twine this rose among
Your curls;—ah, that is right!
Bend closer, love. Now, sweet, my rose,
*One* k'ss more, and—good night!

How still the night is; not a bird
Is singing, or in sight;
And I am glad, for they'll not see
How lovers say good night.

Ah, I *must* go! 'Twill never do!
Sleep woos your eyes so bright,—
And so, for just the twentieth time,
Let's kiss, and say good night!

## UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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### CHAPTER IX.

AMONG SHADOWS.

It was September, and Lucy Thorndike had been married nearly two years and a half. She lacked but a few weeks of being twenty. A little less than three years before she had shocked her father's sense of propriety by appearing in a cloud of golden ringlets. She had changed somewhat since then, and Dedham had changed also. A new railroad had given it a wonderful impetus, not only connecting it with other cities of importance, but opening up a large iron and coal district, and also a new route for extensive grain operations. Mr. Thorndike was early in the field of speculation. He had seen enough of the world to understand these advantages, he thought, and to turn them into money, his one idea.

Then a company came to build a large iron foundry and rolling mill. This brought an influx of population; new streets were laid out and cottages went up as if by magic. The conservative element seemed to fall farther into the background; and though the Dorcas Society were true to their colors and old Mr. Howe, they felt that they were no longer a moving or even a stationary power in Dedham. There had been a time when a frown from Miss Kip and two or three of the severely virtuous would have been sufficient to extinguish the volatile spirits of a young woman, but now they bemoaned in vain. The young people went to social gatherings outside of their own immediate circle, and in some instances had been actually known to dance!

Indeed, Dedham seemed just waking up and bestirring itself. Indirectly Warren Thorndike and his wife had much to do with this movement. She of course carried weight from the old sphere to the new. Some of the ladies found her very charming, and hesitated a little in indorsing either Miss Kip's or her sister's verdict. Perhaps, too, these were a trifle less severe.

Looking at Mrs. Thorndike you would hardly admit that she had altered perceptibly. She was not a day older in appearance, and then her manner of dressing was so much more advantageous. Her house was admitted to be perfection. She had improved somewhat upon the Cunningham idea of beauty. And yet there were hours when she scarcely knew herself, when she stood in perfect amaze at the remembrance of Lucy Garth as she had been only a brief while before.

Her marriage had taken her into an entirely new sphere at the most important epoch of her life. The powers of her mind were roused, imagination, taste, love of beauty and an exultant sense of liberty had crowded out the severe and distasteful lessons of the past. She plunged eagerly into every enjoyment, though at first her ideas were quite simple. But prodigality grows upon one.

Her first keen mortification was at her own ignorance. She knew nothing of music, of poetry, of intellectual pursuits. Much as she loved dress and outward adorning, she saw that some cultivation was necessary if she was to stand on a level with those whom she most admired. Mr. and Mrs. Glenfield had made much of her, it is true, and under their auspices she had been introduced to the best society at Dedham. But she learned thus early that there was a power besides wealth, and this she began to long for, and debate how she might best acquire it.

So she attacked music indefatigably. She had a quick ear and a fine voice, but her impatience bid fair to make sad work of it at first. And when her ideals tormented her beyond endurance, she turned to literature.

In this she ran riot, as is the case with most untrained minds. She fairly revelled in romance of a much higher type than the stories she used to smuggle into her bedroom at home, and imagination held a daily feast. It might not have been healthy food, but it was delightful, nevertheless, and there was no guiding hand to restrain.

She made many attempts at first to charm her husband by beguiling influences. She was ready to love him very much at this period of her life, feeling in the depths of her grateful heart that she owed everything to him. She longed to include him in her ambitions, but his were of a widely different type. When she read to him he fell asleep in his luxurious easy chair, and though he admired her singing, no tender depth of his heart was touched. She would turn her lovely eyes to him, needing but a sympathetic glance to make them swim in lustrous tears, but the sentiment that had so stirred her soul had no subtle meaning for his. And at such moments an awful sense of loneliness would rush over her, a pain and despair that she could not understand, but only suffer from.

By degrees her world of fancy narrowed. She would not have excluded him from choice, but her fine sense of propriety and harmony led her to see that he was not fitted for it. Perhaps men and women *were* different. He never wearied in discussing the new road, the rise in property, the investments that were likely to pay the best and all that, which tired her exceedingly. Sometimes three or four gentlemen dropped in of an evening, and the talk was all on business, until it seemed to her that half the world must be crazy about money. She said so to her husband at length. He laughed in his coarse, good-natured fashion, which seemed to rasp some sensitive nerve.

"It *is* the great thing," he said. "Where would your fine house and your silks and diamonds come from if there wasn't any money? If men stayed in the house and read and sang love songs, where would all your great enterprises end?"

She glanced intently into her husband's face. It was stolid, yet with a certain shrewdness, not tender or sympathetic, and with no fine lines. Where had she learned to be so critical? Was it not sufficient to have him kind, and both proud and fond of her?

This September day she was sauntering round the lawn in a most restless and dissatisfied mood. She had spent two weeks at Newport with Mrs. Wilder, and two weeks at Saratoga with her husband. She had received much admiration; indeed, it had been a continual round of pleasure, and hers was a nature to be warmly excited by it. The people with whom she had been brought in contact were of a different type even from those she had known at Dedham. So, coming from pleasure, homage, delicate compliments and the beguiling delights of music, dancing and lovely dressing, Dedham seemed stupid.

True, she could drive around in her pony carriage, she could fill her house with lovely flowers, alter the arrangement of pictures or furniture, have the dressmaker in to freshen up her attire, receive calls and pay them in return. She had been doing this for just three weeks, and looking at the future this afternoon, seeing the thirty or forty years stretch out before her, life appeared absolutely insupportable.

And yet there was Rachel happy and contented, with no society or dressing or beauty of any sort. It would kill *her* to be there.

"I must do something," she said to herself, stopping short in her walk. "Why isn't there some one to teach me? Mrs. Glenfield—"

Besides her parish duties Mrs. Glenfield had two babies. And then she was not the teacher Lucy Thorndike needed. A kind of fashionable minister's wife with some sweet and admirable qualities, but little depth or strength.

"It's just as if I were hungry all the time," she went on, pulling some late roses to pieces and scattering the velvety leaves on the gravelled walk.

Her revery was interrupted by the click of the gate latch, and she went forward mechanically to meet her husband. Last summer this had been a joy, now she did it from habit.

So she never raised her eyes until some occult action of the mind told her there were more than two steps, and the other was that of a stranger.

She came to a sudden pause.

"In a dream again, hey, Lucy?" exclaimed her husband with his cheerful jocularity. "My wife, Rutherford—my friend, Mr. Rutherford, Lucy."

Paul Rutherford had been glancing at her since the gate opened. She looked so like a child, or rather hardly grown girl that he was a little surprised at the introduction, but responded in a courteous manner.

Mrs. Thorndike gave him a startled look, and then colored deeply.

"See what it is to have a devoted wife, Rutherford!" and Mr. Thorndike laughed as he drew Lucy's hand through his arm.

She glanced up again with a positive blush. Mr. Thorndike had a way of perpetrating small and often execrable jokes, though for a moment Lucy could not tell whether it was her mood that made it sound so disagreeable, or whether she rebelled against the offence as a matter of taste.

THE COSTUME OF A GREEK GIRL.

The costume of the modern Greeks is simple and becoming. The Greeks do not affect the Grecian Bend, nor probably high-heeled shoes. The Grecian ladies are, however, fond of ornaments. We do *not* know the above to be a correct portrait of Byron's Maid of Athens, of whom he sang—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart."

Mr. Rutherford smiled gravely.

"What a charming lawn," he rejoined with graceful tact. "Your selection of trees is admirable."

"It's what I call a handsome place," said its owner with pride. "I bought it two years and a half ago for less than two-thirds of its real value—a lucky speculation."

Lucy *was* in a critical mood. Her husband's voice sounded harsh contrasted with the finely modulated one of his friend.

"Fortunes seem to be lost and won easily now a days," said Mr. Rutherford. "If I had ever owned a home like this I should have been more than sorry to relinquish it."

Mr. Thorndike began to enlarge upon the circumstances that had led to his buying the place, and they lingered awhile on the porch for him to finish. Lucy stood a trifle behind the guest, and had an excellent side view of him. It seemed to her that she already liked him.

Both face and figure were peculiar. There was a physical and intellectual force that impressed you immediately, although it was hard to describe. You felt at once that he was strong, a man not lightly to be set aside or easily thwarted, cool, wary and patient. Two inches perhaps taller than Mr. Thorndike, and yet he looked more than that. A compact and well proportioned figure, with a broad, full chest, and rather sloping shoulders, his head set well back, and it might have been this that gave him the appearance of more than ordinary height. There was not a weak line or a weak movement, and yet a kind of sad, self centered power, as if something long ago past kept him from glorying in his strength.

The face was of the same order. Not one to be called handsome at the first glance, although the brow was full and broad, the hair a rich chestnut, and fine and soft in texture, the nose straight, with flexible nostrils, the mouth good, and the abundant beard a shade or two deeper than the hair. It was the eyes that gave the face its power and peculiarity. They were a bright, yet deep hazel, eyes that could flash devouring flame or soften to the tenderest depths of pity. The fire of life was burning steadily and strongly in his soul, restrained by a master hand from any outburst that might scatter devastation in its track. He had learned the secret of life, the art of keeping calm through stress of storms and trouble that might have hurried another on to destruction. The habit of restraint growing year by year had touched some underlying chord of the inner life, and made him outwardly tranquil, while his temperament was ardent and excitable in the highest degree. Some men arm themselves for destiny long before, and when the fatal hour comes they are prepared.

Lucy Thorndike did not understand all this now, nor for long years afterward, yet she felt that the man before her had been cast in an exceptional mould. The face interested her strongly, the voice piqued her curiosity and lured her on to the verge of discovery.

Mr. Thorndike ushered his guest within doors, but made an abrupt pause in the hall.

"Lucy," he exclaimed, "I suppose the chambers are in order? I brought Rutherford over for there was absolutely no accommodation at the hotel. What Dedham wants is a first class hotel, something better than the small affairs in which it abounds at present."

"Yes."

She uttered the word rather slowly, but if there was any suggestion in her mind she left it unspoken. Now and then Mr. Thorndike exercised his right of hospitality in this style, a free and easy way contracted at the West. If the persons thus invited were not to Mrs. Thorndike's liking, as it frequently happened, she saw as little of them as possible.

So Mr. Rutherford was marshalled up the wide stair-case to a spacious and airy chamber, where all was in complete order.

"Make yourself at home," exclaimed his host. "You needn't wait up here until the dinner bell rings, for it's quite early. I have some papers to look over and send back with the boy who brings your valise, but you'll find Mrs. Thorndike in the library or parlor."

Paul Rutherford turned the water into the marble basin, bathed his face and hands and ran his wet fingers through his hair. All this time, for he did it very slowly, a sort of brooding quietude being natural to him, he was thinking of Lucy Thorndike. Lucy seemed a soft, characterless kind of name, not at all applicable to the being who bore it. The vision rose before him, a slender, graceful woman in flowing white robes, shining golden hair escaping from its net in two or three long curls, her radiant complexion and deep eyes. Very lovely indeed in spite of the expression of ennui that he had been so quick to detect. Then the incongruity of her marriage flashed over him.

"What could have brought it about," he mused. "Her father was rich, it seems, and she so young—why she is only a child now!"

He did not admire Warren Thorndike. Circumstances had compelled him to accept the man's hospitality, and much of his business in Dedham was connected with him, so there seemed nothing out of order in the proceeding. He had expected to find a florid, over-dressed woman verging on towards middle life, a counterpart of common-place wealth without its refinements, and though she had only spoken twice, her air and manner, the expression of her face and her soft, rich voice settled her claim.

He was a very fastidious man about his womenkind, this Paul Rutherford, although he had much chivalry for the sex. But the one who commended herself to his attention must possess some peculiar grace or characteristic. Loud-voiced, dominant women, purse-proud vulgar ones, or the shallow dolls of society were alike distasteful. Indeed, he rarely met one to whom he gave more than a passing thought.

"I suppose the match was of her father's making;" he continued. "Sold for a little money perhaps, poor child! There's a tired yearning look in her eyes as if she had found nothing to satisfy her."

He brushed his hair carefully, pulled his cravat straight and walked to the window. A very inviting room and a very inviting prospect. He felt strangely at home, it must be confessed.

Mrs. Thorndike had been to the kitchen to announce the guest and give some orders. In spite of Rachel's dismal foreboding, her house was very nicely conducted. She was fortunate in having efficient servants, but she was by no means an ignorant mistress, neither was she unreasonable.

She walked back to the library and took up her novel at the place she had left off an hour before.

"If there was anything like it in real life;" she said with a sigh. "If one met noble and earnest souls, and found real friends——"

A face smiled in the doorway. There was something fresh and strong and promising in the smile, and she half rose.

"Mr. Thorndike said that I should find you here," he began as if in apology for the intrusion.

"Yes. He is unavoidably busy. Will you be seated?"

He crossed the room and placed himself by the opposite window. What an atmosphere of rare grace surrounded this woman, the innate refinement of a high soul!

There was a soft sunset dying in the west. Through an opening in the trees rays of gold melted into rosy haze and the tint of purple twilight loomed slowly upward from the distant hills.

He followed her eyes.

"How very beautiful!" he said, "soft and tranquil as the close of day should be."

"When it has been a satisfactory day."

"Are there not sometimes good endings to days that are filled with trouble and perplexity?"

He turned his keen eyes upon her so suddenly that she flushed.

"But after all, the day has little to do with one's mood," she made answer, disregarding his question.

"Are you subject to no such impressions? I should judge that you had a very susceptible temperament."

"Should you?" with a bright smile of interest. "I did not mean exactly that, Mr. Rutherford. A dull day often depresses one when there seems no other cause, but it is not always true that one is happy on a bright day."

There was an expression of grave questioning in his eyes and yet he did not speak.

"At least I am not," she continued frankly.

"Did you ever decide just what was necessary for your happiness?"

"How odd! No, I am sure that I have not. I do not believe that I could tell."

"Are you unhappy?"

She flushed again and then she laughed, a clear, bell-like sound that was enchanting.

"No," she made answer. "It would be folly to give it so active a name. A little dissatisfaction and restlessness that haunts me when I am idle."

"And idleness is the root of much misery."

"But what is a woman to do, Mr. Rutherford? I don't love to work. I never did."

"Honest, at all events;" and he laughed this time.

It was a light, pleasant sound, and yet perplexing. She glanced up as if she were studying it.

"Men can always find some business or some ambition to gratify. But after a woman is married—"

She made a long pause.

"After she is married—" he repeated, looking at her intently and compelling her to speak, as it were.

"If she is rich she has servants to do her work. There are calls, shopping, driving for pleasure, the bother and excitement of having a dressmaker, gossip and parties, and a little reading when life grows too stale. I wish something would happen to me as it does to the book heroines."

"What! to have a fortune left you?"

"No, I shouldn't care for that."

"To lose yours?"

"That would be an excitement, but as I told you before, I do not like to work. No, I think I will not take poverty."

"Do not wish for anything else," he said suddenly, for he, knowing the world, was aware of one more danger that might cross a woman's path.

"Then I must be content with the small round that sometimes wearies me intolerably," she said almost pettishly.

"Can you not enlarge that a little? Has

it so few duties? Does it not comprehend nearly all that a woman needs?"

There was a shuffling step on the porch, and at the same instant Mr. Thorndike ran clumsily down the stairs and gave a loud greeting through the screen door, as the other had been opened for air.

"Just ready for you, my lad! Did you bring the valise?"

"Yes, sir."

"And here are the papers. They're tied up so that you can't possibly lose one. Be sure that you deliver them rightly."

"Yes, sir."

As he turned the dinner bell rang, and he ushered his guest into the dining-room with an air of pride, as if the latter might reasonably be astonished at the display. Lucy flushed and drew her brows together. She showed too soon where the thorns wounded her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.


## TERMS.


The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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## UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

THERE is a difference between supplying a pulpit and "filling" it. Oliver Wendell Holmes, announced on a certain occasion to fill an appointment made for Rufus Choate, told his audience he could never hope to fill Mr. Choate's place, but he would, for a little while, endeavor to rattle around in it.

Our opinion is very different. Dr. Holmes would not only fill, but overfill, any place that Rufus Choate could stand in—unless we are greatly mistaken as to the mental calibre of the two men. If it had been Daniel Webster instead of Choate, it were another thing; and yet outside of Law and of Statesmanship, where he was grand indeed, Webster seems to have had some narrow limitations. Perhaps this may have been owing however to his not having given much thought and study to any other subjects. Certainly he was a great man—perhaps, take him for all in all, the greatest that New England has produced. His speeches in the Senate in reply to Hayne and Calhoun, did much to develope and intensify that strong Union feeling which united the North in opposition to the Secession movement.

THE PROVOKING MAILS.—Some people say that females are provoking, but we have far more trouble with the mails. In truth we like few things so well as the fee-mails that come to us every morning; only regretting that there are not more of them. But the mails, with their miscarriages, annoy us greatly. And too many of our friends in the country, even as far off as Texas and California, seem to hold us accountable for the safe delivery of their papers every week.

We think all we can be reasonably asked to do, is to start the papers regularly, committing them to Uncle Sam's fatherly care. We cannot be expected to insure their regular arrival, exposed as they are to so many dangers by water and by land—to say nothing of the perils from false-brethren among the Postmasters.

WHEN rival clergymen undertake to be witty at each other's expense, look then for serious results. Observe: Father Williams, of Providence, and a Ritualist being in discussion the other day, the latter defied the former to point to a prayer mentioned in Scripture that was not written. Father Williams said, "Can I ask you a question?" "Certainly," was the answer. "Tell me, then, who held the candle when Jonah prayed in the whale's belly?"

The Ritualist seems to have had no answer ready, but he *might* have replied, that Jonah did not need a candle, being so near the whale's lights.

### THE MIDDLE REGION.

It is universally admitted that the characters of men are greatly affected by the peculiarities of the regions in which they live. Of course we do not pretend to say that race, religion, political institutions, and various other influences, have not a great deal also to do with moulding the characters of men. Our very "mission," as it is the fashion to say, is to call our readers away from mere one-sidedness.

But it is not always easy to consider everything at once, especially within the limits of a newspaper article; and our object at the present time, is to call attention to the peculiar situation of the great Middle Region of these United States—stretching from the Atlantic on the East to the Pacific on the West—and to one effect produced by dwelling in this region upon the minds of its people.

It has often been perceived that the effect of the sterile soil of New England upon a hardy, energetic and intelligent race, has been to develope great powers of self-help, and great brightness and acuteness of intellect. A very large proportion of the labor-saving inventions which have benefitted and distinguished the country, have been the work of the New England mind. And of the scholars and writers of the Union, New England has developed by far the larger number.

But we of the Great Middle Region, blessed with a fertile soil, have not been stimulated and compelled in so great a degree, "to live by our wits." We have found our delight in gathering the rich produce of the earth and of our mines—and, in an intellectual way, being content with things as they were, naturally have followed the advice of the Apostle, and studied to be quiet and mind our own business.

But while we have not been compelled by the sterility of our soil to "live by our wits," as schoolmasters, ministers, editors and lecturers for the rest of the country, we have had one great advantage which neither the extreme North nor the extreme South has ever possessed. That is, the advantage of being compelled to hear both sides of all the most important questions which have agitated the country.

Now, as we have before said, Common Sense is simply the balance of the Faculties; and Wisdom only large Common Sense. And nothing conduces more to Common Sense and to Wisdom, than to be placed in a position where the opposing sides of every great question must be heard—heard not only with the outward ears, but heard with the inward mind, every faculty being bent upon endeavoring to understand just how much truth is in each of the opposing views.

As a consequence of this, the natural disposition of the Middle Region is moderate and temperate. During the late war, the Great Middle Region, including both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, and both sides of the Ohio river—brothers by the ordination of Nature and of God—were the last to acknowledge the necessity of any conflict. They held back the North on the one side—they held back the South on the other.

And as a result, as it seems to us, in part of our position and our soil, while we do not breed the quick and rapid men of the country, the inventive wit, the scholarly mind, we do breed the Great Men and the Great Ideas of the Nation. Our superior men, being forced to consider both sides, develope harmoniously, and become wise men—not men of parts, but whole men mentally.

Observe one fact—it is a curious one; and yet not altogether obscure in the light of what has been said.

Massachusetts is full of talent—she had done a great deal to promote strife and contention, and her intellectual voice was almost like that of one man for the war. And yet Massachusetts, boasting, and with justice, of her brains, did not give one great General to the Union cause. Why even this quiet city of the Quakers gave two Commanders to the Army of the Potomac, McClellan and Meade, the heroes of Antietam and Gettysburg.

Look at the list of Great Leaders that the Middle Region has given to the Union:—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Henry Clay, Lincoln, Chase, Grant, Sherman, Meade, McClellan, Thomas—and even Farragut, our great Naval Hero. We need not say that in the above list are the greatest, because Wisest men, our country has been blessed with.

On the side of the Rebellion also, the ablest of their commanders were from the Middle Region.

And why is this? Because though it is very easy to write a telling article, or a spirited poem, or make an eloquent speech from a one-sided point of view, you cannot carry on war, or give a nation large statesmanship, in the same way.

How easy it is for a witty writer, or eloquent speaker, to sneer or denounce out of sight some strong point made by an opponent, instead of giving it its due weight and consideration. But in war—try this plan once. War is condensed life—and the stern logic of fact too close at hand to be overlooked with impunity. You may sneer away an enemy's argument—but you cannot sneer away an enemy's artillery. Men of one idea therefore may make splendid writers and speakers; but when it comes to war, they will fall from the very necessity of the case. In war the men who can look on both sides, and all sides,—men who respect the force of their enemy's iron and leaden logic, and who have a wide view as well as a stern will, are the men to succeed. This probably is one reason why Massachusetts, with all her brains, could furnish no great soldier.

Statesmanship differs from War in the respect that the penalty is not so near the rash error, the foolish mistake. But the penalty, though it comes later, is just as sure. You make a great mistake in war, and to-morrow you are defeated. You make a great mistake in statesmanship, and you say to-morrow, next month, next year, all is well. But your mistake is only ripening. It may be ten, or twenty, or fifty years, before the penalty comes—but when it does come, it will be only the deadlier for the delay.

We have spoken of the Great Men produced by the Middle Region. Let us briefly allude to the Great Ideas. Really, when we come to examine, all the Great Ideas of the country seem to have originated in the same Region. For instance, the Anti-Slavery Idea. That originated among the Friends of this portion of the country. The first Abolition Society was formed in this city. Benjamin Lundy published his paper, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," a long time before he went on to New England and converted Garrison. But long before Lundy, we had Benjamin Lay and Anthony Benezet. And the great support of that Anti-Slavery Idea, which gave it its hold upon the masses of the people, were the opening words of the Declaration of Independence, of which Thomas Jefferson was the author. Garrison took the Anti-Slavery Idea—and intensified it; but also narrowed it, and infused into it a bitterness which could not fail to produce bitterness in return.

So with all the other great Ideas, such as Peace, Woman's Rights, even that of the Union itself—true in their degree, false in their excess—we do not call to mind one which did not originate in this Great Middle Region.

What is our conclusion. That as the Great Middle Region is so admirably situated for the growth of wise men, and wise and moderate views, it should have confidence in itself, and be true to its own convictions. It should say—Oh, yes, brethren of Massachusetts, all these theories and Yankee notions that you are flooding us with, are no doubt true in their place and degree, as we saw when we originated them; but we think there are other truths equally great and equally important, of which you seem to be somewhat ignorant. We of the Great Middle Region, do not propose to live on half-truths. We see that all Men, and all Women, and all Children—White, Black and Yellow—Celtic, Saxon, Negro, Hottentot, Chinese and Malay—are, in one sense, Equal; but we also see that in another sense, they are Unlike and Unequal. Our Mexican and South American and Haytian brethren may be equal to us in certain respects, and perhaps superior in others—but certainly they are not equal to us in the ability to establish and maintain Republican institutions. In fact, outside of certain portions of our own white race, we have never seen nor read of a successful Republic. Why then should we stultify ourselves by adopting theories of natural equality which fly in the face of all the facts with which we are acquainted? And why should we allow ourselves to be hurried into great changes of our political and social systems, without that wise deliberation from which that which is really true never suffers, and which is fatal to half-truths and to falsehood only?

### WYOMING.

There is a Territory in the North West, of recent formation, named Wyoming, which seems to contain rather a larger proportion of Dead Sea Apes (to use Mr. Carlyle's appropriate epithet) among its population, than is usually found in the older portions of the Union.

The distinguishing characteristic of Dead Sea Apes, is an impossibility of seeing things as they really are, and the substitution for this clear and accurate perception, of some dim, vapory and confused notion of what they might be, or ought to be—if the Creator only had made things rightly. Looking at a man and a woman out of those dull, bloared Apes' eyes of theirs, they can scarcely see any difference between the two beings. They may confess indeed to a little difference in the bodily organization—the result of different employments and modes of life—but as to any difference in mind, in the vital internal spirit, they can see none at all.

Therefore, men and women being essentially alike, they should have the same rights, the same duties, the same employments.

Hence in the Territory of Wyoming, where these Dead Sea Apes seem to abound in such numbers as to be able to hold an Apes' Carnival, they recently have not only invested women with the elective franchise, but have summoned a number of them to serve on the grand jury. The judge, Dowe, saying:

"There is not the slightest impropriety in any lady occupying this position, and I wish to assure you that the fullest protection of the court shall be accorded to you. *It would be a most shameful scandal, that in our temples of justice and in our courts of law anything should be permitted which the most sensitive lady might not hear with propriety and witness;* and here let me add, that it will be a sorry day for any man who shall so far forget *the courtesy due and paid by every American gentleman to an American lady*, as to, even by word or act, endeavor to deter you from the exercise of those rights with which the law has invested you."

Our readers can see from the above what a marvel of keen perception and good sense this Judge Dowe is. Having admitted his lady jurors, he now proclaims, in advance, his determination to allow no evidence to be introduced into his court, that "the most sensitive lady" might not "hear with propriety."

What has the course of justice got to do with the feelings of "sensitive ladies?" Is evidence to be curtailed and suppressed—evidence necessary to determine the rights of parties—because it is gross and indelicate? What have Justice and its sworn Ministers to do with the sensitive and delicate feelings of jurors? If women are to serve upon juries, Justice must be blind as to their sex, and see in them—not sensitive ladies—but jurors only.

And what have Justice and its Ministers to do with "the courtesy paid by every American gentleman to every American lady?" When an American lady claims to be essentially a man, she abandons at once every claim to being treated with peculiar courtesy as a woman. Any one who was not a Dead Sea Ape, we should think, would be able to see this much at least.

The whole question settles into this: Is there a real, essential difference between Man and Woman; or is that difference merely one of fashion and custom? The world from the beginning has acted upon the idea that the difference was real, deep, essential. Therefore, among other results, the peculiar courtesy paid by man to woman—as of Strength to Beauty. But, if woman be essentially a man, and is to follow the peculiar avocations of man—then all this old-time courtesy is simply a sham and a delusion, and the quicker it is done away with as an empty lie the better.

No sensible woman can expect to have all the peculiar privileges of men, and all the peculiar privileges of women too. That would be cutting their slice of cake a little too thick. But the Judge, in the above case, instead of putting his female jurors on an equality with his male jurors, proposes to give them privileges which the male jurors have not. He even proposes to interfere with the course of justice, whenever any evidence is proffered which "the most sensitive lady might not hear with propriety" in a mixed audience of ladies and gentlemen.

Of course we understand one reason of these foolish doings in Wyoming. It is to advertise the Territory. As Judge Dowe said in addition:

"The eyes of the whole world are to-day fixed upon this jury of Albany county."

Yes, the eyes of a considerable portion of the world are fixed upon you—and the general verdict will be, that they never were fixed upon a larger proportion of Dead Sea Apes before. You think it will help the price of land in Wyoming—wait and see. See how many sensible men will buy farms in Wyoming—how many refined ladies want to be summoned from the care of their children and their households to serve on grand and petit juries, train with the militia, and be considered finally only as lesser and weaker men, with all the privileges of a man, but none of the privileges of a woman. See how many men wish their wives to be thus invested with the peculiar duties of men. For our part, we would not live in such a Territory, if they would give us the best farm within its miserable borders.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Let no one suppose from our article on "Wyoming," that we are not in favor of the Rights of Woman.

We believe that woman has equal rights with man, in the only sensible meaning of the word equal—the same right to be what her organization and nature fit her to be, that man has to be what his organization and nature fit him to be.

There is a large amount of work, principally indoors, that somebody *must* do, connected with the rearing of young children and the taking care of households; and we think women, as a sex, designed by nature and Providence for this work. If they do not do it, who is to do it? As things are now it is not well done, nor fully done.

Some say flippantly, if Nature has appointed woman's sphere, why need any one else interfere in the matter; Nature certainly will enforce her own laws. But they forget that the disgust felt and expressed by man when he sees woman abandoning her rightful sphere, is one of the most potent means used by Nature to enforce her laws. Nature has implanted in the breast of man a true perception of what is proper and becoming in a woman; and it is Nature's voice which utters itself in the language of sarcasm, contempt and censure.

So far from holding that those who now call themselves the peculiar advocates of woman, are her friends, we believe them to be really her greatest enemies. And that in proportion as they succeed in their design of giving women the elective franchise, introducing them into jury boxes, &c., they will injure the character, standing and influence of the sex.

How it shocks us, when we travel abroad, to see women engaged in sweeping the streets, acting as porters, digging canals, and doing the dirtiest work on the farms. That feeling in us, which is Nature's voice, says all this is wrong. But if these new notions of equality be true, then all this is right—women should claim no exemption on account of sex from the lowest and most laborious work.

And if the old barriers be removed, and the old feeling of chivalry broken down, and woman be considered simply as a female man,—worthy of no special favors as a woman, and subject to no corresponding limitations—this is what it must all end in. Entitled to nothing but what she can command by her own force, in the rude competition of politics and of business, she as the weaker vessel will be pushed more and more aside.

Our idea of what Woman really needs, looks the other way. We would seek to benefit her in the peculiar duties of her life—and when unhappily compelled by a stern fate to go outside of these, we would seek to open to her the lightest and most refined of manual occupations.

Specially in the home would we have men consider her peculiar needs. We know that too many men act thoughtlessly towards their wives—though many more are compelled by limited circumstances to do as they do. A woman in the American Agriculturist says with great force:—

I have been thinking this morning about the inhuman way in which *mothers are overworked*. The thought of them always gives me a heart-ache. If men really believed that the rearing of healthy and noble men and women was of more importance than the improvement of cattle and swine, don't you think they would see to it that mothers had a fair chance to do their work well?

Overwork is bad enough in any one—a species of suicide. Its effects are felt by so many others, in the case of a mother, that it is then especially deplorable—yes, sinful. She has no right to make drafts upon the constitutional vigor of her unborn children. Did it ever occur to you what an awful power for good or evil rests with the mothers of the race? If from this hour each child born into the world could have a healthy, good, and wise mother, we should not have to wait long for the millennium. Fathers, however, must bear their share of responsibility for their children's health and characters. Mothers are not independent of circumstances, and farmers should realize that the mothers of their children are entitled to at least as much care and consideration as they give their cows.

Nursing babies suffer when their mothers get very weary. The quality of their food is impaired, and delicate children quickly show that something has gone wrong with them. Nothing in the world tires and worries me so much as to hear the call of my baby when my hands are so engaged that I cannot attend to its needs. Babies should be taught to rely upon themselves a good deal for amusement. It would be foolish to take them or feed them every time they ask it. If they are not suffering real discomfort, they can be easily diverted by a change of position or by a new plaything. Still, they need constant and wise attention. An ignorant nurse will not do at all.

You know that more than half of all the children born, die before the age of five years. When I look at the diseased and vicious specimens of men and women thrown upon the world, I am convinced that the first three years of a child's life are more important to its character and destiny, than any other three years.

In infancy every touch and tone, and all the scenes of daily life, have such a power upon the opening faculties as they can never have again. Good farmers will not allow some men to have anything to do with their horses and cattle. Should not good mothers be equally careful with their children? When a mother cannot attend to her housework and her children too, the hired labor should be for the kitchen rather than for the nursery, unless she can be sure that the nurse employed is better qualified for the care of children than she is herself. This is sometimes the case. There are different gifts, you know.

From all our lives, some things get "crowded out" which we would gladly do. It is a nice point to settle what shall be done and what left undone, and it is in deciding this that character shows itself. I say, let us cherish especially those things that tend most to make our families healthy, cheerful, and intelligent. We may cut down a good deal in the way of clothing and pastry, and be the gainers for it. Women owe it to their husbands that they talk these things over frankly, and both should labor together to do that which is for the general welfare. Even in the worst cases, there is generally more thoughtlessness than unkindness on the part of husbands. Mothers spoil their sons from one generation to another, by living before them uncomplaining lives of drudgery and slow suicide. These sons never heard their mothers complain, and they expect as much from their wives as their own mothers accomplished.

Yes, it is too true, what the writer of the above says. Mothers, all through the land, are overworked, and both themselves and the children are suffering. But even in cases where the husbands are able and willing to employ extra help, it is difficult to get any that is efficient. The harvest is plenteous, but the competent laborers are few. And those woman who claim to be Reformers, instead of going to work and teaching a vast army of unskilful women how to do good work, and thus aid themselves and the mothers of the land, are teaching them that housework is mean and contemptible, and that, in some way or other, plenty of pleasant work at good wages is to be got by obtaining the privilege of voting.

It is the very madness of folly. Any amount of work proper for women to do—and which, if they will not do it, must be left undone, at least until the Chinese come along—and a set of "eloquent female speakers" dinning in our ears the sufferings of women, and the starvation of women, and the assertion that there is no work for women—and that they must be allowed to vote in order, in some mysterious way, to set the matter right!

☞ A person has been arrested in London charged with sweating sovereigns and other gold coins. It appears that the coins are dissolved by acid, aided by a battery, and that the loss in some cases equals about two shillings in the sovereign.

### SPINNER!

GREAT IS SPINNER OF THE GREENBACKS.

Half way adown the Newport cliff
We sought and found a safe retreat;
Titanic walls on either hand,
A soothing barrier at our feet.
What fitter place for lover's troth!
With gentlest art I drew her near;
"Will take me, Maud?" but prudent M
Thus questions in my waiting ear,
"Do you know Spinner?"

My uncle Blogg has made his pile,
Retired from trade and sold his shop;
Has moved to Murray Hill of course,
His house is on the very top.
I left my card. Next day received
This gentle hint: "Don't call again,
We like you very much indeed,
Admire your virtuous youth, but then
You don't know Spinner!"

Defrauded by a Railway Board,—
A Board not quite unknown to fame,
And roused to vengeance by my wrongs,
I sought to litigate my claim.
The court decided I was right.
It said, "the genius of our laws
Is on your side, but then you know
We must enjoin your suit because
You don't know Spinner!"

There is a place, we are assured
In that good book we deem the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
I humbly trust that when we reach
That haven of repose
We there shall find somehow, somewhere,
A space reserved for those
Who don't know Spinner.

### Miss Burdett Coutts.

Many of our readers have heard of the rich English lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, with her eccentric ways, and her noble gifts to many public charities. But they may not know that her eccentricities have some trace of gypsy blood, and may, perhaps, show her connection with a gypsy stock.

Her mother, when a little girl, was caught by a gypsy band, on the outskirts of an English town, and adopted as one of the strolling company. For a time, she entered with great zest into this new life, and enjoyed its wildness of freedom, and roving habits. She readily assimilated with the tribe, and might have passed for one of their children.

But a new fancy attracted the versatile girl. A band of strolling players captivated her imagination, and she deserted her gypsy friends, drawn by this new magnetism. She soon eclipsed all her rustic associates on the stage, and was called to London, where her genius found a wider range on the boards of old Drury.

Here she won the admiration, and finally the hand of the wealthy banker, Thomas Coutts, and, after some years, was left a widow, with the snug income of seventy thousand pounds a year.

The romance of her career was not yet ended, for her beauty, or perhaps her wealth, attracted the young Duke of St. Albans, and the strolling gypsy girl ended her life as wife of an English noble.

It is not surprising that the daughter of a woman leading such a strange and versatile life should inherit eccentricities, both of temper and character. Some of her curious whims, which have startled the steady-going people who stand in fear of Mrs. Grundy, may have been born of the gypsy habits ingrained into the mother during her wandering life.

### Young Matrons.

The presence of young married ladies at entertainments adds a charm to the evening of peculiar dignity. The courtesies extended to them by their gentlemen friends do not clash with the attentions paid to the unmarried ones. A young person of either sex cannot have a better "guide, philosopher and friend" in any social emergency, than a married lady. Their interest in one being purely platonic, and not obscure or biased by the glamour of the tender passion, they are always able to give advice upon delicate questions involving the use of consummate tact and discretion, and without which a blundering man would simply make a dreadful mess of his affairs. Then again, there is a repose and serenity about the manner of the young matron, which renders conversation with her at once free from possible embarrassment. The giddiness, frivolity, and loquacity of "sweet sixteen" although temporarily charming, is apt to become fatiguing, lacking the culture and *savoir faire* years bring. Marriage, however, has the effect of settling all these sediments in the female character more or less, and as the current of life runs smoother with them, at least for a time, they can talk upon some other subject than the everlasting one of sweethearts, beaux and matrimony. There is a subdued softness of demeanor, too, in the young matron which the belle of the season does not have. The exhilaration and excitement incident to a successful career as a young girl, which culminates in what is called the "incolence of beauty," is not visible in the manner of the belle retired from business—the young matron. The more that charming married ladies dispel the gloom incident to a dreary wilderness of unmarried ones by "going out," the more delightful society will be.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette says that the only day an American devotes to relaxation is the day that he sets apart for the operation of a cathartic.

☞ The latest returns from New Hampshire place Governor Stearns' majority at about 1,200. In the Senate there will be six Republicans, one Democrat, and no choice in five districts. In the House, the Republicans will have about fifty majority.

☞ The Governor of Minnesota has vetoed the Female Suffrage bill, passed by the Legislature of that state, on the ground that it submits the question to the women, who are not legal voters, and that it is not called for by public sentiment.

☞ The Pittsfield and North Adams Railroad, in Massachusetts, is not remarkable for speed. As a train on it recently came to a dead halt, a passenger exclaimed: "Well, I wonder what we've stopped for now?" "Why," explains a fellow-traveller, "it's to take the cow-catcher off the engine and put it behind, to keep the cows from running over us!"

☞ A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated till they overshadow our other organs."

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTERS.—We need hardly call the attention of our readers to the letters descriptive of California we are publishing from the able pen of "Auber Forestier." We are assured that these letters are very graphic and accurate pen-pictures of what they describe, and, as a California correspondent says, the best he has ever seen descriptive of the Golden State.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. For School and Home Amusement. Arranged by W. ELIOT FETTE, A. M. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By the author of "The Soprano," etc. Illustrated. Mozart and Mendelssohn. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

BRAKE UP; OR, THE YOUNG PEACE-MAKERS. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Starry Flag Stories," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

GOOD WORDS. The March number has been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

### Good at Figures.

A young lady, who is a pupil at one of the schools in New York city, has already, it seems, beaten her father at mathematics. She modestly proposed that if he would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. Paterfamilias, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to include a possible marriage dowry in the future. At the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed, lest if he complied with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be declared a bankrupt on his own petition. But at the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty sum of $5,368,709 12! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to give a bond—or his word be considered as good as a bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily until otherwise ordered.

☞ Private despatches have been received at New York announcing the failure of four or five leading cotton speculators at Liverpool and Manchester for $5,000,000.

☞ The Congregationalist gives the latest and most touching illustration of that appreciative mind which thankfully receives the smallest favors—the case of a clergyman who, at a late ministerial gathering, gratefully acknowledged the parochial gift of "two pints of skim milk." Poor man; there must be very little cream to such a joke as that.

☞ The Boston Transcript says one of the solid men of Boston gave a friend in a car the other night an account of a concert he had just attended, and being asked if there was much applause, replied very slowly: "Well, considering the price of the ticket, I thought there was rather too much. When folks pay a dollar apiece for their tickets, they ought not be too willing to applaud. I always make it a rule to see that I get my dollar's worth first, and if I think that I get anything over, I am willing to applaud for the rest." This, given in a loud and serious voice, set the passengers in a roar; whereupon the old gentleman declared—still sticking to his principle—that if his opinion had cost anything there would have been neither laughter nor applause.

☞ An exchange says that there was nothing improper in the Prince of Wales' letters to Lady Mordaunt, except the grammar.

☞ Fifty-six leading Republican newspapers have declared for an immediate reduction of taxation, and especially the removal of the income tax.

☞ Some new handles for coffins have just been invented of a unique and improved pattern, and an up-country undertaker purchased some of one of our city dealers in hardware coming again in a short time for more. "So they like them, do they?" said the ironmonger. "Like 'em!" replied the shadow of death; "I guess they do—they go like hot cakes!—nobody 'll be buried now without 'em."

☞ Churches that send clothing out to the African missionary stations ought to be careful that they do not contribute, unconsciously, to Paganism. The last lot shipped by a congregation in Germantown consisted of shirts and pants. When they were distributed, the depraved natives filled the pants with leaves and set them up around the country as idols, so that after awhile half the population was bowing down before those old fancy cassimeres and reeling out their religious services, perfectly contented and happy, excepting when they had their brains knocked out by the men who got the shirts and made war-clubs out of them by buttoning up the sleeves and filling them with sand. These wild, untutored children of Nature do not appreciate clothing yet. They have never enjoyed our advantages of having clothes recommended to them in exhilarating poetry.

☞ It is reported that the colored citizens of the Congressional districts recently represented by Whittemore and Dawcese, will choose candidates of their own race, with the understanding that they are to appoint colored cadets to Annapolis and West Point. Mr. Whittemore has formally announced himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress, in the Charleston papers.

☞ The bridegroom of an approaching nobby wedding in New York has found the money to pay for $125,000 worth of diamonds and pearls as his gift to his bride.

☞ Somebody who had sat forty years or so under Father Ballou, the well-known Universalist divine of Boston, went to him one day in great perplexity of mind, and said he: "Do I understand you to say, Father Ballou, that all men will be saved—Orthodox as well as Universalists?" "Why, yes," said the good old Doctor; "that is our belief, and that is what I preach." "Well, I never understood it exactly so before," said the hearer; and he went away grieving that there was no hell for the Orthodox.

☞ A mechanical school for women has been opened at Warsaw, for the object of training young women of the lower classes in all the lighter kinds of handicraft.

### Married Men's Rights.

In the New York Assembly, on the 7th, Mr. Bancker introduced a bill defining the rights of married men, and equalising the rights of husband and wife. It provides that the husband of a woman, if he has had children by her in wedlock, shall, after her decease, be entitled to an estate for life in all the real estate of which she may be possessed or which she may be entitled to; that the property of a married man shall not be liable for the payment of the debts of his wife, contracted by her before marriage, or contracted by her without his consent after marriage, except such as may be necessary for the support of herself and her children by her husband; that any married man, possessed of real estate as his separate property, may sell such property and enter into any contract with respect to it in the same manner as if he were unmarried, and that the wife of any married man, at the time of his death, shall only be entitled to dower in the real estate which her husband shall own or be entitled to at the time of his decease.

### A Sharp Young Woman.

The Concord Statesman relates that a young lady from the country recently engaged as a saleswoman with a dry goods firm in that city. Though new at the business she soon became proficient. Like the other employes, she had the privilege of buying at cost price any goods she wanted for her own use. She was an extensive purchaser, from time to time, on this basis; and at the end of two months gave up her position. Very soon after she was married, as was also her sister at the same time; and it turned out that she had entered upon the clerkship merely to enjoy the perquisite of buying at cost price the liberal supply of dry goods so mysteriously necessary on such occasions. Her employer is not anxious to engage any more young lady clerks from the country.

☞ The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered "No." "What is the reason you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls." He was permitted to play with his toys.

☞ The new press of the London Times, invented by Mr. Macdonald, prints eleven thousand copies per hour on both sides. The paper is used just as it comes from the mill, in strips of three thousand three hundred yards in length. It is rolled upon a cylinder and moistened by another cylinder. The press measures only fourteen feet by five.

☞ The very pretty optical illusion by which gold fishes and canary birds are made to appear to be joint occupants of a huge vase of water is getting to be popular. It is very simple. The bottom of the vase is concave-convex, the apex rising about fifteen inches above the base of the circumference. This dome forms the superstructure of the bird cage, and the bottom, supplied with drawers and properly ventilated, serves as a pedestal for the vase. Until recently this pretty arrangement has not been seen outside of museums. It is now getting to be a part of household ornamentation.

☞ The Savannah Republican learns that two Southern gentlemen were in Hong Kong in January, making arrangements to send one thousand Chinese laborers to Savannah and New Orleans.

☞ The President has sent to the House a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, showing the danger of a general Indian war, and stating that the complaints of the Indians are not without foundation.

☞ Dualin, an explosive agent discovered by a Prussian officer, and tested in the Hoosac Tunnel, is declared to be stronger than nitro-glycerine, and devoid of its dangers.

☞ **Crampton's Imperial** *LAUNDRY SOAP* is *the* best.
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**The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New** York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yea, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcame Sallowness, rough skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Sorosian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow thick, soft, and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart. mar18-1m

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**Something New.**
Two million copies of the annual *SHAKSPEARIAN ALMANAC* for 1870 will be given away, and in order that the distributing may be made as rapidly as possible, I should deem it a favor to send, prepaid, two or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its features are the Seven Ages of Man's Life, illustrated in a masterly manner.
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mar5-3t No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

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BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1863, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
**By Hance's Epileptic Pills.**

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FRANCE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
**The Subjoined Will Answer.**

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.
SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.
I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*
It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instances where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.
DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.
S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.
P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 196 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $17. feb19-12t

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!
*Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.*
**Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.**

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

**The Season and its Dangers.**

The human body is chiefly composed of tissues and fibres as sensitive to every change in the condition of the atmosphere as the most delicate electrometer, or the quicksilver in a barometer tube.

The stomach, the skin, the nerves, the lungs, and the excretory organs are especially liable to be affected by these variations, and the best defence against their disastrous tendency is to keep the digestive machinery, which feeds and nourishes the whole system, in good working order.

If the stomach is weak or disordered neither the blood nor the bile can be in a healthy state, and upon the fitness of these two important fluids for the offices assigned to them by nature, and the regularity of their flow, health in a great measure depends.

When the air is heavily laden with chilling vapors, as it often is at this season of the year, the digestion should be an object of peculiar care. If it is weak and languid, the whole physical structure will be enervated. If it is vigorous, the entire organization will be strong to resist the untoward and depressing influence of a damp and vitiated atmosphere.

A pure and powerful tonic is therefore especially needed as a safeguard against the diseases most common in the spring, and HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS being the most wholesome and potent medicine of the class at present known, a course of it is particularly advisable at this period of the year. The stomach will thereby be toned and strengthened, the liver and bowels regulated, the nervous system braced up, and nature put in a state of active defence against the miasma which usually induces intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatisms, nervous debility, headache, hypochondria and other complaints which are apt to assail the untoned and unfortified organizations. The body is strengthened without exciting the brain, and consequently no unpleasant reaction follows its reviving and renovating operation. mar5-4t

**What Every Horseman Wants:**

A good, cheap, and reliable liniment. Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment.* Pint bottles at one dollar. For lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted better than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will. What it is stated to cure it positively does.

*No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle.* One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and belly-ache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse Embrocation of the day.

Use it one and all. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. mar5-4t

**Important Notice.**—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of May, 1869, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., CHRISTIAN C. FOTE to Miss SARAH J. CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. HENRY HOWERTH to Mrs. ANNE MATTHEWS, both of Frankford.

On the 10th of Feb., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. STEARN to Miss ARMAIL M. PETE, both of this city.

On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. RAYMOND CLARK to Miss ANNA WOOLERY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Feb., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN H. KEIL to Miss EMMA SMITH, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. JOHN H. MYERS to Miss ELIZABETH BANKS, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SARAH M. THOMAS, in her 61st year.

On the 8th instant, DANIEL WINTERS, aged 60 years.

On the 7th instant, JOHN F. DURHAM, in his 74th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH MALSBERGER, in her 84th year.

On the 7th instant, JAMES ADAMSON, in his 37th year.

On the 6th instant, SARAH, wife of Daniel Housman, aged 70 years.

On the 6th instant, ROBERT FRANKS, in his 58th year.

On the 6th instant, LEWIS M. ALLEN, in his 46th year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM H. WILLARD, aged 26 years.

# PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

**Under a Ban.**

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

**Leonie's Mystery.**

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

**Bessy Rane.**

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbary's Will," &c.

**A Novelet**

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

**Who Told?**

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

**The Gems of the English Magazines.**

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

## AMERICAN LIFE IN DRESDEN.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

For many years this city of Dresden, the capital of a kingdom about as large territorially as the State of Massachusetts, has been a favorite resort of our countrymen who could command leisure "to build tabernacles" amid the glories of the Old World.

At the present writing there are fully seven hundred Americans residing here, and year by year the number increases.

I know of no European city where one can make himself and his family so comfortable, and at so moderate a cost, as Dresden. When you settle down for several months stay in a European city, it will be found necessary, both for economy and health, to set up some sort of domestic establishment kindred to housekeeping. There are a great many people living comfortably here who would, by a month's residence in a first-class hotel, be financially embarrassed, besides being half dead with dyspepsia.

What you want is a suite of apartments all ready, with every appointment—from a bedstead to a skillet—for housekeeping; so that at a few hours' notice you can make an exodus from your trunks, and take possession of an ample and commodious fireside. This you can do in Dresden with less trial to purse and patience than in any European city that I am acquainted with.

At any time of the year one can hire his furnished floor here; but the early spring and autumn are the seasons when there is the largest assortment to select from. Prices vary from forty to one hundred dollars per month, according to size and elegance of equipment. There are American families here whose entire annual expenses—rent, food, and clothing—come considerably inside of two thousand dollars; and there are others who spend five times this sum, and get not many added comforts, but a multitude of enslaving luxuries.

On any evening of the week one may hear in Dresden the most superb rendering of the master-pieces of Beethoven and Haydn and Mendelssohn by the finest orchestras of Europe, for the sum of nine cents—paper currency. For half a dollar one can see the finest dramatic representations of the grand conceptions of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing. In fact, for half this sum it can be done, and very respectably too. The opera, too, is not expensive, except to those who make a virtue of prodigality.

Then there is the Gallery, about which I am conning over sundry things for future letters. Three or four days in the week any one can sit at the feet of the greatest masters of art in the history of the world, without charge. What a school of culture is that! And the Saxon Government deserves the thanks of the civilized world for throwing open its doors to all comers.—*Independent.*

☞ A French schoolmaster, named Correre, has made the discovery that the herb called galega, or goat's-beard, if eaten as a salad or made into a syrup, is especially suitable for suckling mothers. The schoolmaster lighted on this discovery by the merest accident; his wife having on one occasion found great advantage from the herb in this respect. Scientific research has since proved that galega contains azotic substances in considerable quantities, as well as all the constituent elements of milk, and that, in addition to providing milk in abundance, it materially improves its quality.

## EVEN-SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It may be, yes, it must be, Time, that brings
An end to mortal things,
That sends the beggar Winter in the train
Of Autumn's burthened wain,—
Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,
And knoweth well to wait
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore to sea,
If so it need must be,
Ere he make good his claim and call his own
Old empires overthrown,—
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too large
To hold its fee in charge,
Nor any motes that fill its beam so small,
But he shall care for all,—
It may be, must be,—yes, he soon shall tire
This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day
When to my careless lay
I matched its chords and stole their first-born thrill,
With untaught rudest skill,
Vexing a treble from the slender strings
Thin as the locust sings
When the shrill-crying child of summer's heat
Pipes from his leafy seat,
The dim pavilion of embowering green
Beneath whose shadowy screen
The small sopranist tries his single note
Against the song-bird's throat,
And all the echoes listen, but in vain;
They hear no answering strain,—
Then ye who listened in that earlier day
Shall sadly turn away.

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is cold
That warmed our blood of old;
Cover its embers and the half-burnt brands,
And let us stretch our hands
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame;
Lo, this is not the same,
The joyous singer of our morning time,
Flushed high with lusty rhyme!
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart,—
But whisper him apart,—
Tell him the woods their autumn robes have shed
And all their birds have fled,
And shouting winds unbuild the naked nests
They warmed with patient breasts;
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer o'er
And bid him sing no more!

Ah, welladay! if words so cruel-kind
A listening ear might find!
But who that hears the music in his soul
Of rythmic waves that roll
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they flow
Stir all the deeps below
Till the great pearls no calm might ever reach
Leap glistening on the beach,—
Who that has known the passion and the pain,
The rush through heart and brain,
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed
Hard on his throbbing breast,
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss and fame
Has set his pulse aflame,
Muse of the lyre! can say farewell to thee?
Alas! and must it be?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,
The mighty bards have sung;
To these the immemorial thrones belong
And purple robes of song;
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender tone
His lips may call his own,
And finds the measure of the verse more sweet
Timed by his pulse's beat,
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled throng.
Say not I do him wrong,
For Nature spoils her warblers,—them she feeds
In lotus-growing meads,
And pours them subtle draughts from haunted streams
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's wiles
And dear delusive smiles!
No callow fledgling of her singing brood
But tastes that witching food,
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,
And how the thrushes sing,
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest
Flaps forth—we know the rest.
I own the weakness of the tuneful kind,—
Are not old harpers blind?
I sang too early, must I sing too late?
The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight,—yet how sweet
The flattering whisper's cheat,—
"Thou hast the fire no evening chill can tame,
Whose coals outlast its flame!"

Farewell ye carols of the laughing morn,
O! earliest sunshine born!
The sower flings the seed and looks not back
Along his furrowed track;
The reaper leaves the stalks for other hands
To gird with circling bands;
The wind, earth's careless servant, truant born,
Blows clean the beaten corn
And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his way
To sport with ocean's spray;
The headlong stumbling rivulet, scrambling down
To wash the sea-girt town,
Still babbling of the green and billowy waste
Whose salt he longs to taste,
Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may feel
Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us bold
With secrets else untold,—
And mine has run its errand; through the dews
I tracked the flying Muse;
The daughter of the morning touched my lips
With roseate finger-tips;
Whether I would or would not, I must sing
With the new choirs of spring;
Now, as I watch the fading autumn day
And trill my softened lay,
I think of all that listened, and of one
For whom a brighter sun
Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, comrades dear,
Are not all gathered here?
Our hearts have answered. Yes! they hear our call;
All gathered here! all! all!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## Some Notions About Domestic Bliss.

As I am an old bachelor, and generally esteemed a very crusty one, my ideas about domestic bliss are possibly entitled to no respect. Not that I think so for my own part; indeed, I am convinced that the opinions I entertain on this subject are sound, dispassionate, and such as to commend them to all unprejudiced judges. I am aware, of course, that all old bachelors are supposed to see things with jaundiced eyes only; but the real truth is, they are unbiassed "lookers-on in Vienna," see what others cannot see, and penetrate through disguises by which others are deceived. And it has been so long the fashion to suppose that domestic bliss is something which bachelors neither understand nor appreciate—a sort of sacred felicity that their obdurate hearts have not the virtue to embrace—that I am the more ready to utter my notions on the subject, just to show that, after all, the entrance into this charmed circle is not necessarily through the marriage-ring.

A captious and unhandsome critic might ask if there really is such a thing as domestic bliss, except in dreams. Are not the usual attempts to secure this social *ignis fatuus*, such a critic will ask, marred by perversity of temper, opposition of ideas, and that general selfishness which the seclusion and *abandon* of home bring often so conspicuously to the surface? No doubt this critic's question is pertinent in view of the kind of domestic bliss that commonly survives the arrangement known as matrimony; but he would be inspired with another feeling were he to turn his regards upon that neglected and depreciated class known as old bachelors. As an illustration of the comparative felicities, in a domestic way, between the two conditions, let me draw a parallel, suggested by a recent experience of my own.

It was only three weeks ago that I accepted an invitation to spend two days with my friend Appleby. Appleby is married. He has a wife—most married men have, the reader will say; but Appleby's wife makes him, as it were, many times married. Her presence, her individuality, her temper, her ideas, her wishes, her inches, surround and multiply upon him on all sides. Appleby has no room in his own house, and a very small corner in the outside world, so completely does Mrs. Appleby fill the boundaries of Mr. Appleby's sphere, and crush him into diminutiveness. But, after all, this is a digression. As I have no wife, my parallel must confine itself to something possessed in common; this is not much, it is true, but, just to point my moral, I ask the reader to look on this picture, selected by way of illustration out of a whole gallery of similar ones, and then on the one that follows. My companion-pieces are of—

TWO BREAKFAST-ROOMS.

Appleby's breakfast-room faces to the north. This in itself is an evil. Appleby's breakfast-room is warmed economically by stray heat coaxed away from the kitchen-range below, and persuaded to diffuse itself within this circle of domestic bliss—which it no doubt attempts, but ordinarily fails to do. This is simply an abomination. A breakfast-room not cheered in winter by a bright blaze is unworthy a place amid the domestic virtues. What more enlivening experience is there than that of coming down in the morning to a bright, cheery breakfast-room, in summer glad with the morning sun, in winter flushing and sparkling in the light of an open fire? But this deficiency is not all. Appleby's breakfast-room—it is a representative breakfast-room, and for this reason I select it—is hung with varnished paper, and is furnished with oak chairs and an oaken buffet. Upon the walls are a few black, old-fashioned prints, gloomy in wooden frames. The floor is covered with an oak-colored carpet, that will not show crumbs. The window-curtains are—but there are no window-curtains. The room is only adorned in this particular with a buff-tinted shade. This is Appleby's breakfast-room, all garnished and beautified in the fine spirit and under the perfect domination of "domestic bliss." And to this breakfast-room comes Mr. Appleby in slovenly dressing-gown and slovenly slippers, Mrs. Appleby in an old shawl and curl-papers, and several young Applebys all in tumult and snarling disorder. In this cheerless room, half-lighted, dull for want of cheerful tints in the furniture, and for lack of a blaze on the hearth, arranged purposely for a hurried and comfortless matutinal meal, the "domestic bliss" of the Applebys shows itself in a hundred irritabilities. And yet Appleby is always boasting about his matrimonial felicities. He never fails to introduce in our intercourse the subject of my bachelor loneliness and discomfort, and honestly wonders why I don't set up in my bachelor quarters a Mrs. B——— (in curl-papers and faded silk, I suppose), for the sake of companionship, and domestic comfort, and all that. And yet Appleby has actually seen those bachelor quarters of mine, has been entertained in them, and knows all about their supreme felicities. But this reminds me that I am keeping the reader from a visit to those same quarters, and so let me proceed to my second picture.

It was only three days after my breakfast with the Applebys, that genial John Bunker came to breakfast with me. Jack Bunker is a whole-souled fellow, who knows when a thing is *recherche*, and who has the wit to appreciate a bit of bachelor felicity. I always breakfast in my library—this being the name my man James gives to my book-room, where I have a few books, a few pictures, and gather all the little tasteful articles that I own—a vase or two, a statuette, a rare print, a bit of china, all of which I tone up with warm upholstery. I like to eat in my best apartment; to partake of my meals under the pleasantest and most enlivening conditions. Eating and drinking is with me a fine art. That "good digestion may wait on appetite and health on both," I put my mind in its sweetest, its calmest, its most contented mood, by means of all the agreeable surroundings I can command.

You should have seen Jack Bunker when he came gayly tripping into my book-room on the morning referred to.

"Bless my soul, Tom, this is charming," he exclaimed. And he looked around, *taxing* all the points. There was a glowing blaze from bituminous coal in the low, polished grate. On a brass pendant stood the shining coffee-pot, from which issued low murmuring music and delicious odors. The firelight was glancing up on the picture-frames, and the gilt backs of the books, and on the warm-tinted walls, and the ceiling, and the upholstery that fell over the doorway, and partly shut out, partly let in at the window the bright glances of light from the morning sun. Then the brilliant white cloth on the table, and the easy-chairs for host and guest, and a new picture only sent home the day before standing on an easel near, and the morning paper warming by the fire—well, it was a pleasant picture, even if I say it who shouldn't. Jack rubbed his hands, evidently enjoying the air of comfort, brightness, and warmth, that filled the whole space, and sat himself down in his cosey chair, and looked around at the books and the pictures, and repeated again, "Well, Jack, this *is* charming. You'll never get rid of me. I'll sip your mocha, munch your toast, and chat about things in general, for a week." I confess this pleased me. I have a weakness for this sort of quiet elegance—I suppose it is a weakness, as a liking for all comfortable and pleasant things are weaknesses, according to a very common dogma—and I like to meet a man like Jack Bunker who thinks as I do.

I am not going to describe the breakfast further. My sole purpose has been to draw two pictures, in order to show that domestic bliss isn't better understood or oftener realized by Benedicts than bachelors. But no doubt some one will ask why all these conditions of domestic happiness are not possible with "lovely woman" to enhance the bliss of the scene. Think, the questioner probably says, of some beautiful creature sitting by the side of the urn, serving your coffee, applauding your pictures, listening to you as you read a bit of news from the morning journal; perhaps, with her hands in yours, or with her dainty foot on the fender, chatting with you softly but joyously over many pleasant themes. It must be admitted that this is a pretty picture. But what if the "lovely woman" comes down to the breakfast-room frowsy and fierce? What if she appears in a dressing-gown and curl-papers? What if she has a chronic fondness for *dishabille?* What if she prove one of those whose nerves never get calm or in accord until after the morning is well passed? In my bachelor-home, domestic bliss is mine, beyond doubt; if I open the door to a "lovely woman," there is no telling what Pandora's box I shall uncover. Besides, it is a conviction of mine that refined and perfect domestic comfort is understood by men only. This is rank heresy, of course. I know that many ladies will turn from my sentences in indignation; but my opinion is well-grounded for all that. Women are not personally selfish enough to be fastidious in these things. They are usually neat to circumspection; but it is a cheerless and aggressive neatness—moral and inflammatory rather than luxurious and artistic. They are neat because they constitionally hate dust, not because neatness is important to their own selfish comfort. Women are rarely epicureans. They have no keen enjoyment in eating and drinking, in dreams and laziness; they do not understand intellectual repose. It is not the quiet, the serenity, the atmosphere of home that they at heart care about. Give a woman a new ribbon, and she will go without her dinner. Promise her a ball, and she will sit nightly for a month in a fireless room, muffled up in a shawl, and never murmur. She is fond of dress, not of comfort; of decoration, not of peace; of excitement, not felicity. And then, moreover, she is too willing to be ill-at-ease; too easily satisfied in all those things that pertain to personal comfort, and is far too much disposed to make the best of everything, to enter fully into the necessity of creating domestic comfort. She likes home because there she has authority, there she receives her friends and shows her furniture, there she can give grand balls, and thereby get invitations to other grand balls—but when matrimony introduces a man to *recherche* breakfasts, to perfect little dinners, to delightful social evenings, to perfectly-appointed parlors, then I shall believe that true domestic bliss is feminine in conception. But there is much more that may be said on this subject, and while obdurate in my sins, at the same time deprecating the anger of my fair readers, whom I still devoutly admire, I await the editor's permission to speak again.

## The Last Days of Pompeii.

The account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which overthrew Pompeii and other places, is given by Pliny the Younger, in the sixth book of his Epistles. In the first of these (Bk. 6, Ep. 16) he addresses the historian Tacitus, to whom he relates especially the events connected with the death of Pliny the Elder (uncle of the writer), who perished during the same eruption. Tacitus appears to have requested further information, whereupon Pliny forwarded a second letter, describing what happened under his observation at Misenum. It hardly seems necessary to occupy so much space as both letters would require; but, as probably few of your readers possess it, the following is sent, comprising the account of Pliny's death in Ep. 16, and all but the beginning and end of Ep. 20: "The court, beyond which was his apartment, by this time was so filled with cinders and pumice stones, that, had he continued any longer in his room, his passage from it would have been stopped up. Being awakened, therefore, he quitted his chamber, and returned to Pomponianus, and the rest, whose fears had hindered them from sleeping, and who had been upon the watch. They consulted together, whether it would be more advisable to keep under the shelter of that roof, or retire into the fields; for the house tottered to and fro, as if it had been shaken from the foundation by the frequent earthquakes. On the other hand, they dreaded the stones, which, by being burnt into cinders, although they fell with no great weight, yet fell in large quantities. But, after considering the different hazards which they run, the advice of going out prevailed. In others, one kind of fear conquered another; in my uncle, one prudential reason only succeeded to another. They covered their heads with pillows bound with napkins; this was their only defence against the shower of stones. And now, when it was day everywhere else, they were surrounded with darkness blacker and more dismal than night, which, however, was sometimes dispersed by several flashes, and eruptions from the mountain. They agreed to go farther in upon the shore, and to look out from the neighboring land, if they might venture to sea; but the sea continued raging and tempestuous. Then, my uncle laying himself down upon a cloth spread on the ground, called twice for some water, and drank it; but the flames, and a stench of sulphur, which preceded them, obliged others to immediate flight, and roused him. He raised himself upon his feet, supported by two servants, but his respiration being stopt, he immediately dropt down; stifled, as I imagine, by the sulphur and grossness of the air. His lungs, as he was narrow-chested, were naturally weak, and subject to inflammations. When the light returned, which was not till the third day after his death, his body was discovered untouched by the fire, without any visible hurt, in the dress in which he fell: appearing rather like a person sleeping than like one who was dead. We had for several preceding days together felt an earthquake, which, being common in Campania, did not much alarm us; but the shocks were so violent this particular night, that all things around us were not only moved, but seemed upon the brink of destruction. My mother hastened into my bedchamber, at the moment of time when I was rising with an intention to awaken her if I had found her sleeping. We retired into a little court, which lay between the house and the sea. I am in doubt whether my conduct ought to be called fortitude or thoughtlessness upon this occasion, for I was then but eighteen years of age. I called for a Livy and read it, as if I had been quite at ease; and in the manner I had begun, went so far as to select passages from that author. A friend of my uncle's, who had lately come out of Spain, on purpose to see him, finding my mother and me sitting thus together, and, taking notice that I was reading, reproved the patience of her temper and the indifference of mine. However, I still continued intent upon my book. It was now six o'clock in the morning; yet there was but a faint and glimmering light. The house shook violently; and though we were in an open court, yet, as it was very narrow, and built almost all round, we were certainly in great danger. We then thought it expedient to leave the town; the people, distracted with fears, followed us, and (such is the nature of *fear*, which embraces, as most prudential, any other dictate in preference to its own,) they pressed upon us, and drove us forward. When we were out of the reach of the buildings, we stopped; our astonishment was great, nor were our apprehensions less; for the carriages which we had ordered out of the town were so violently shaken from side to side, although upon plain ground, that they could not be kept in their places, even when propped by heavy stones. The sea, too, seemed to be forced back upon itself; repelled as it were by the strong concussions of the earth. It is certain that the shore was greatly widened, and many sea animals were left upon the strand. On the land side a dark and horrible cloud, charged with combustible matter, suddenly broke, and shot forth a long trail of fire, in the nature of lightning, but in larger flashes. Then, my uncle's friend, the same who came out of Spain, said to us with great vehemence and eagerness, "If your brother, and your uncle, be still living, his wishes are employed for your safety; if he has lost his life, he was desirous yours might be saved. Why, then, will you not immediately leave this place?" We answered, that we were not so solicitous for our own, as for my uncle's preservation. He then hastily withdrew, running with the utmost expedition from danger. Not long after, the cloud descending, covered the whole bay; and we could no longer see the island of Capreæ, or the promontory of Misenum. My mother now began to beseech, advise, and command me to make my escape in any manner I could. She observed, that I as was young, I might easily take my flight; but that she, who was in years and less active, could patiently resign herself to death in case she was not the occasion of my destruction. My answer was, 'I will never attempt at safety, if we are not together.' And then, leading her by the hand, I assisted her to go faster; she yielded with regret, still angry at herself for delaying me. The ashes now fell upon us, however, in no great quantities. I looked back.

A thick, dark vapor, just behind us, rolled along the ground like a torrent, and followed us. I then said, "Let us turn out of this road, whilst we can see our way, lest the people, who crowd after us, trample us to death." We had scarce considered what was to be done, when we were surrounded with darkness, not like the darkness of a cloudy night, or when the moon disappears, but such as is in a close room, when all light is excluded. You might then have heard the shrieks of women, the moans of infants, and the outcries of men; some were calling for their parents, some for their children, some for their wives: their voices only made them known to each other. Some bewailed their own fate; others the fate of their relations. There were some who, even from a fear of death, prayed to die. Many paid their adorations to the gods; but the greater number were of opinion that the gods no longer existed, and that this night was the final and eternal period of the world. There were others who magnified the real dangers by imaginary and false terrors. Some affirmed that Misenum was burnt to the ground: the report, although not true, gained credit. A little gleam of light now appeared. It was not daylight, but a forewarning of the approach of some fiery vapor; which, however, discharged itself at a distance from us. Darkness immediately succeeded. Then ashes poured down upon us in large quantities, and heavy, which obliged us frequently to rise and brush them off, otherwise we had been smothered, or pressed to death by their weight. I might boast that not one sigh or timorous word broke from me through all this distress, had I not fortified myself with one great consolation—a miserable one indeed—that all nature was perishing with me. At last this darkness, which now was drawn into the thinness of a cloud or of smoke, went off, true day appeared. The sun shone forth, but pale as at the time of an eclipse. All objects that offered themselves to our sight (which was yet so weak that we could scarce bear the return of light) were changed, and covered with ashes as thick as snow. At our return to Misenum, after having refreshed ourselves, we remained in that suspense and doubt of mind which hope and fear inspire: fear indeed was most prevalent. For the earthquake still continued, and several enthusiasts, by dreadful prophecies, increased their own fears and the fears of others. But, although we had undergone many dangers, and dreaded still more, yet we could not be persuaded to quit the town till we had received some intelligence concerning my uncle. The foregoing is from the translation of the Earl of Orrery, published in 1751. The fall of Pompeii was in A. D. 79, August 24.—*Quadratus.*

☞ An Irishman that was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the other did to him.

☞ Beaus of the period wear an English frock coat, trowsers of some ribbed material, a Lord Stanley scarf and lavender gloves.

### MOTHER AND CHILD.

Within her rustic woodland bower,
Like some warm-hearted, tender flower,
With young buds all around her,
She kept in her gracious and glad content,
And never a dream nor fancy went
From the tendriled twigs that bound her.

The house was full of the pleasant noise
Of gay, glad girls and sturdy boys,
Each with a heart like a blossom;
They were seven in all—five ranged between
The head that was touching sweet sixteen
And the babe on the mother's bosom.

In hopeful toil the day went by,
And when the tired sun built in the sky
His great red cloudy bower,
She gathered her buds about her knee—
The sturdy three and the gentle three,
This motherly woodland flower.

And when the glory died in the west,
And the birds were all in the sleepy nest,
She would sit in the twilight shadow,
And think how her baby should grow so fine,
And make her place in the world to shine
As the lily maketh the meadow.

Years came and went, and the pleasant noise
Was hushed in the house and the girls and boys
Came now no more about her;
As the bird went home to the drowsy nest,
And the sun to his cloudy bower in the west,
They had learned to do without her!

The little children that used to be—
The comely three and the sturdy three—
Young men and beautiful maidens,
And each had chosen out of the heart,
And gone to be in a bower apart,
And to dress them separate Edens.

And the mother's thoughts went wearily
Across the prairie, and over the sea,
And through the wintry weather,
About the streets, o'er the desert sand,
To take them once again by the hand,
And to gather them all together.

But always, as the sun went down,
And the gold and scarlet fell to brown,
And the brown to deeper shadow,
Her babe made all the house as bright
As the lily, with her leaves of light,
Maketh her place in the meadow.

She could not grow from the loving arms,
Nor go to meet the wide world's storms
Away from the lowly portal;
For Death, in the broidered slip and cap,
Had left her to lie in the mother's lap,
In her babyhood immortal.

—ALICE CARY.

CHINESE MODE OF CARRYING CHILDREN.

The above illustrates a sensible Chinese fashion of carrying children. As the above picture is from life, and it will be noticed that the father is carrying the children, while the mother walks beside them, it would seem to show that there is more old-fashioned chivalry among the Chinese than is generally supposed. Doubtless, however, a woman's rights society will before long be formed in China, and the Chinese women be taught that the above mode of doing things is an outrage and an oppression.

## GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### ON THE WATCH.

An enemy could not have said that Keziah Dawkes was unkind to her brother's wife. With the exception that she never quitted that unhappy lady for more than two minutes together throughout the day, she was as kind to her as kind could be. Keziah, made of as hard iron as it is possible for a woman to be, could not but have some grains of compassion for the delicate girl (she was little more than a girl yet) wasting away to death under her eyes. It might be that she had qualms of remorse also. Not for the watching: Keziah thought her sister-in-law none the worse for that. Not on her own score at all; but for a certain event that might be lying on her brother's conscience, and of which she strove to drive out intruding suspicions. They were too dreadful even for Keziah. Caroline's grief for her poor child was pitiable to witness, and Keziah felt for her in regard to that.

When Mrs. Dawkes would come down stairs in the morning, be it early or be it late, there sat Keziah waiting for her, and beguiling the waiting with some everlasting knitting. After that, she stuck to Mrs. Dawkes throughout the day, her very shadow. If Caroline strolled out in the garden, to sit on the autumn-wintry bench, wrapped up in furs (a rare occurrence), Keziah and her knitting went too; when Caroline walked or drove over to see her mother, Keziah was her companion; if, by rare chance, visitors called at the Rock, Keziah sat in the drawing-room by the side of its mistress. Only in her own chamber was Caroline free. It was this disagreeable espionage that caused her to remove into the south wing, and have a barrier-door erected. *Not*, at that time, had the slightest thought of the postern-door, as a possible means of admittance to her own friends, crossed her mind. It never might have been thought of, or used as such, but for the happy suggestion of her maid Fry. *Fry* lived in a chronic state of resentment against Miss Dawkes, and was warmly attached to her mistress. Any way, then, that she could find to "circumvent" the former (Fry's own word, in her whispered confidences to the butler) was more welcome to her than flowers in May.

But Fry had opposed the removal to the south wing. Edgar Canterbury had died in those rooms; they had never been inhabited since; and for her mistress to go into them she looked upon as boding ill-luck—nothing less than an omen that she would die in them, in her turn. Keziah came to the rescue, and said Mrs. Dawkes might remove into them if she liked—why not? All unconscious was she of the heavy blow it might be the means of eventually dealing her brother. And so poor Caroline took up her abode in the long-unused wing; and very shortly afterwards caused that intervening door, covered with green baize, to be erected, shutting out the wing from the rest of the house and from Keziah. Keziah did not care; if Mrs. Dawkes chose to pass part of her days in seclusion, with Fry in attendance upon her, why, let her; it was only a relief to Keziah. *She* could take care that no chance visitor was admitted to the south wing unaccompanied by herself. Never did it enter into Keziah's imagination—no, not in its wildest dreams—that an *outer* door existed to that south wing. She had never heard of it.

The postern-door, encompassed by the wilderness of trees and shrubs around, was invisible to the eye. In the midst of this wilderness (as was related earlier in the story) stood the Lady's Well; and this had so sure a reputation for being haunted—the lady's ghost, as was well known, appearing at will, and shrieking frightfully on windy nights—that no one ever thought of penetrating to that side of the house. And therefore, in the lapse of time, the postern-door came to be entirely forgotten by the few who had been cognizant of its existence. In after-life, Fry was wont to say that nothing less than a special revelation had made *her* remember it the evening when Thomas Kage was at Chilling. But Keziah Dawkes knew nothing of the postern-door; and when her sister-in-law was shut up within that wing, she supposed her to be as safe as if she were in her own presence. What though Caroline did take freaks at times to bar the green door against her? She was welcome to do it for Keziah, who supposed it arose from simple caprice, or a real desire for solitude.

Caroline was correct in the opinion she had expressed to Thomas Kage, that what they feared was, that she might make a will. Of course this could not, in the Major's interests, be allowed; neither did they intend it should be. All the watching was on this score: there existed no other cause for it. Keziah had little fear. Caroline seemed to be overwhelmed with apathy—to have no more thought or care for the future disposal of her property than if it had been a tract of land in the wilds of Africa. She seemed to care for nothing. She had never attempted to write a letter since she came to the Rock; her days were passed in inert sadness—in one long monotony; and Keziah believed this would continue to the end. As well, perhaps, that she did not attempt to write letters; they would not have been permitted to go out of the house without a supervision, so that it might have come to the same in the end. Keziah watched always; she would never relinquish the watching so long as Caroline lingered in life; but she was as sure as sure can be that it was an entirely superfluous precaution. And meanwhile she did not intend that Mrs. Dawkes should she see she was watched, and had no suspicion Caroline had already detected it.

"What ever can your mistress do with herself, shut in all alone evening after evening, with not a soul to speak to?" Keziah had said to Fry only a day or two before this visit of Thomas Kage's. "She must be frightfully lonesome."

"For the matter of that, Miss Dawkes, she has been nothing else but lonesome ever since the poor boy died," was Fry's answer. "As to what she does, she mostly lies on the sofa, sometimes with a book, oftener without one. All she wants is to lie in quiet, where folks won't come in to bother her with talking."

A hint for Keziah. Fry's words were honest; and Miss Dawkes was aware she had always been objectionable to her young sister-in-law. Caroline dared not order her out of the house, as she would have done in former days. In her broken spirit, and with the remembrance of the child's death and its attendant circumstances ever upon her, she had grown to be terribly afraid of Keziah and Barnaby. She removed to the south wing from no other motive than to be sometimes free of the former's presence, and stayed there as a refuge. But as the days went on, and she was drawing (as she fully believed) nearer to death, the obligation to make a will pressed itself with greater urgency upon her, until it seemed to grow into a religious duty that she must not fail in if she would find peace with Heaven.

A fine bright morning—the one following the secret visit of Mr. Kage—and Keziah Dawkes sat at her solitary but sumptuous breakfast full of complacency. Caroline took hers in her own chamber. Fry urged her to take it in bed; but there seemed to be over a restlessness upon her that prevented her lying long once morning had dawned. Sitting in her arm-chair by the fire, partially dressed only, and wrapped in her dressing-gown of lavender silk, Mrs. Dawkes generally took her breakfast from the small low stand drawn close before her.

"I wonder what she'll do to-day?" thought Keziah, as, her meal over, she sat with her head upon her hand. "She said something yesterday about wanting to call on the Miss Canterburys. I'm sure I hope she'll not. 'Don't let her get intimate with those women,' said Barby to me when he was down here last; and he is quite right. On the other hand, if she *will* call, I suppose she must; it may not do to draw the reins too tight. I wish to goodness the downright cold weather would set in!"

Rising from her chair, Keziah gave a shake to the folds of her gray-merino morning-dress with its black trimmings, and passed out to betake herself to the south wing. Ascending the stairs, she went through the picture-gallery to a small corridor which brought her to the green-baize door. Opening it at will, she was in the south wing. It contained four rooms only, and a dark lumber-closet, panelled with oak, in which receptacle were stowed away sundry articles that had belonged to Edgar Canterbury. The door of the staircase descending to the postern entrance was in this closet; and Keziah had seen it one day that she chose to take a look round on Mrs. Dawkes's first removal; but it looked exactly like one of the panels, and Keziah suspected nothing. Of these four rooms two were Caroline's—her sitting and bed-rooms; the small one next the baize door Fry sat in; the fourth was not used. Keziah walked along the passage, carpeted lately, and knocked at Mrs. Dawkes's chamber.

"Come in," came the faint spiritless answer.

Caroline sat in the elbow-chair, in the pretty silk gown, her golden hair falling upon it in curly waves, as it was mostly let fall now. Keziah took her hand.

"How are you, my dear, this morning?"

"Oh, about the same, I think," was the listless reply. "I've not coughed much to-night. It's very fine—is it not?"

"Beautifully fine; but so sharp and cold. I don't think it will do for you to venture into the air to-day, Caroline."

"I am not thinking of venturing into it, that I know of," returned Caroline peevishly. "I shall see when I come down."

"And, my dear, is there anything particular that you could fancy for your luncheon?"

"No."

A few more of these questions and answers, a little chat on Keziah's part—items of news she had read in the journal last night—and then she withdrew; and Caroline was left alone, to have her dressing completed by Fry. About twelve o'clock she went down-stairs, dressed for the day in her black silk, her hair gathered up in order. Keziah drew a warm chair to the fire, and hastened to bring one of the rich-painted white-velvet foot-stools. Close upon this the old doctor came in. He had been medical attendant to the Rock as long as the Canterburys had inhabited it—a hale simple-minded gentleman, turned seventy now, with fresh-colored cheeks and white hair. Mr. Owen's daily visits were the only break in Caroline's monotonous life. As he sat there to-day, telling of various out-door interests, he mentioned the arrival of Mrs. Dunn and of Mr. Kage.

Caroline's cheeks grew scarlet, knowing that she had to appear as if it were *news;* and her attempt at doing so was rather a poor one; but Keziah failed to notice: in her own intense, and not pleasurable, surprise she observed nothing.

"Mr. Kage!" exclaimed Keziah. "What! Thomas Kage?"

"Yes; I don't know any other Mr. Kage," was the surgeon's answer. "He got here yesterday evening, he tells me, and is staying at the inn."

"But, Mr. Owen, what has he come for?"

"To see the old place again, I suppose, Miss Dawkes. I didn't ask him."

Keziah lapsed into silence, pondering over certain interests with herself. She thought it very undesirable that any communication should take place between Mr. Kage and Caroline, and wondered what ill wind could have blown him to Chilling just now. Who was to know that he, connected as he had been with the child's property, might not get urging his cousin to make a will?

"Of course, he will come to call on me," suddenly spoke Caroline, the first words she had uttered. "Mr. Owen, if you see him, tell him that he must not go away without calling on me."

Rather lame words; as Keziah might have thought, but that she was so preoccupied with her own reflections. For Thomas Kage to come to Chilling and *not* call to see Caroline would have been an anomaly.

When Mr. Owen left, Keziah, as was her frequent custom, went with him to the hall. She was in the habit of evincing much anxiety that Caroline's health should be restored, her life prolonged.

"No, I do not think her any better, Miss Dawkes," was the doctor's answer to the query put; and at the same moment Fry, happening to see them from the back of the hall, came forward to join in the colloquy. "Looks brighter, you fancy? Nonsense! She's flushed, if you will; flushed with nervousness and sleeplessness. I tell you she is nearly as weak as a woman can be, my dear madam, short of absolute helplessness. The poor young thing is eating away her heart with grief for her child; and my emphatic opinion is—and has been, you know, Miss Dawkes, for some time—that the solitude she lives in is not good for her."

"And so I say," put in Fry, who did not at all like the solitude on her own account. "To mope all alone cannot be good for any one. She never does an earthly thing but read a bit—as I've told you, Mr. Owen—and that not for five minutes together. But if she *won't* be roused, why, she won't—and there it is."

"Ah," concluded the doctor, as he took his departure, "it's one of those sad cases, I'm afraid, that all our care and skill, exert them as we will, are unable to touch."

A comforting assurance for the interests of Barnaby Dawkes. Keziah heard it with an unruffled face, and turned indoors.

The next visitor to make his appearance was Thomas Kage. The sun was at its meridian height when he was shown in, and poor Caroline sat where its rays could fall on her wan face. She seemed strangely passive; a little faint coloring might flush into the face, but she did not rise from her chair; only let him take her hand in silence. The emotion of the meeting had spent itself the previous night: Caroline, besides, was afraid lest an incautious word should betray that it had taken place, and so kept still. Keziah Dawkes, sitting quite inconveniently near, was agreeably surprised at the apathetic character of the interview.

Keziah talked. Mr. Kage talked. Caroline scarcely spoke a word. But the conversation turned solely on commonplace nothings; and, so far as Keziah could see, Mr. Kage's visit to Chilling had been made without reference to Mrs. Dawkes. She would have liked to knit a thanksgiving for it into her knitting.

"Caroline," he said, "do you know that you are looking quite painfully thin?"

"Yes; painfully so; you have used the right word, Thomas. I know it more and more every day when they dress me, for my things hang upon me now like bags."

"You should have some change; staying in this solitude at the Rock cannot be good for you. Miss Dawkes, I think you might have perceived this before, and suggested to Major Dawkes that something should be tried."

Miss Dawkes let her knitting fall on her gown, and stared at Caroline with a face of concern, as if she saw the signs of sickness for the first time. As her eye met, quite accidentally, that of Mr. Kage, a vivid recollection of the interview she had once held with him in her sick despair flashed into her mind, bringing a tinge to her leaden cheek. Perhaps she thought of the contrast between Barnaby's hopeless condition then and his flourishing state now; or—perhaps the flush arose because she feared Mr. Kage must be thinking of it.

"Caroline does look thin; unusually so to-day," she quietly replied; "I hope a little time will see an improvement. She is unwilling to stir from home."

"I shall never stir from home until I am carried out of it," interposed Caroline. "What does it matter where I am—here or elsewhere? It won't be for so very long."

"But, Caroline, you should not indulge this kind of thought," said Mr. Kage, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Why not? I do not wish to live. And if I did wish it, it would be all the same, for I know that nothing can prolong my existence. When they took my boy's life, they virtually took mine."

The last sentence was evidently not spoken with any invidious meaning. Mr. Kage made no observation; Keziah was picking up some stitches that had dropped.

"I should like to go to Tom. When he used to wish to be with the angels, I wondered greatly. I could hee understand it. But I wish it now myself—to go away and be with the angels—and with him."

Keziah lifted her eyes and telegraphed a confidential look to Mr. Kage. It meant to say, "Don't notice her; this comes of low spirits." He made no answering sign; he believed it came of the *truth*—and that she was following her little son as quickly as was possible.

"Caroline, do you see Mr. Rufort?"

"No."

"But you ought to do so. Speaking in a worldly point of view only, his visit would do you good; he is a very agreeable man. And—if there be any graver necessity—"

"The last time he came, Miss Dawkes sent word out I was too poorly to be seen," interrupted Caroline.

"And so you were, my dear," cried that affectionate lady in a sweetly soothing tone. "And the time before that you went out and met him, and he turned back again; and another time you told me he had been to the cottages on the common, where the scarlet fever was, and that it would not do for him to come into me then," quietly went on Caroline.

Mr. Kage turned his luminous eyes on Miss Dawkes. Questioning eyes just then.

"My dear Caroline, Mr. Rufort can come to you every day, if you like," said the guardian dragon, who felt scared out of the best part of her equanimity in the presence of Mr. Kage. "I'll drop him a note, my dear, to-day."

A little more conversation bringing forth no particular fruit, and then luncheon was announced. Mr. Kage rose to leave, declining the invitation to stay. Caroline got up as he took her hands. She was visibly agitated.

"Shall I see you again, Thomas? Shall I ever see you again?"

"Ever?—yes, I hope so. Not this time, I fear, for I leave for London to-morrow morning. You can write to me news of how you go on, and—"

"I never write," interrupted Caroline. "It is too much exertion for me now. I have not written a word to anybody, Thomas, since the blow fell."

"Perhaps Miss Dawkes, then, will drop me a line, should there be any change," he rejoined, glancing at that lady. "Should you need me in any way, Caroline, I will come."

Miss Dawkes graciously acceded: promising and vowing to write on any and every occasion that Mr. Kage could possibly be wished for. Without, however, having the smallest intention of doing it.

"Why are you going so soon?" resumed Caroline. "I think you might take this one meal with me."

"I agreed to take it at Miss Canterbury's."

"As you please, of course. I am nothing to any one now, and shall soon be less."

Her subdued voice spoke of pain, hot tears stood in her eyes. Thomas Kage held out his arm to lead her to the dining-room, and sat down by her side. His heart smote him for the unkindness he would have committed. Never again, in all probability, would the opportunity be afforded him of taking the meal with her; whereas he would most likely often take it in future times and seasons with the Miss Canterburys.

And she was gratified; there was no doubt of that. A soft pink shone on her cheeks, a light in her eyes; and she talked a little. Keziah, almost ignored, glanced up again and again, surreptitiously from her place below, as she revelled in the delicacies provided.

But Caroline ate nothing. The wing of a partridge was on her plate, but she merely toyed with it; and the pink faded again, and the bright eyes grew dim. Every soothing attention that Thomas Kage could give, he did give. Perhaps the remembrance of the first dinner he had ever eaten in this magnificent room, when she was by his side, but not then the Rock's mistress, lay on both of them. Could they have foreseen at that happy banquet the fruits that a few years would bring forth! Time does indeed work strange changes.

The meal over, Mr. Kage, preparing finally to depart, held out his hand again to Caroline. Instead of responding to it, she took his arm, and went with him outside the door. Keziah came flying up with a warm cloak—the ostensible plea—and stuck herself close to Caroline's side. It was a warm, lovely day for late autumn; quite a contrast to the cold of the preceding one, the wind—what slight wind there was—being in its softest quarter. Mr. Kage turned his steps to the right, towards the side gate.

"Why are you going this way, Thomas?"

"I shall cross over to your mamma's cottage, Caroline. I must see her this afternoon, and this is the nearest way."

At the gate, to which they walked in silence, Caroline halted, not loosing his arm. Miss Dawkes, making pretty remarks upon the scenery and the weather, was patient as any tame lap-dog.

"I think I will go with you, Thomas, I can walk as far as that."

This did arouse Miss Dawkes. In the first place, the continued companionship with Thomas Kage was not desirable; every minute she was on greater thorns lest he might accidentally hit on so undesirable a topic of conversation as the ultimate disposal of the vast property on which he trod. In the second, Keziah had nothing on her head, and was very subject to face-ache.

"*Walk* to Mrs. Kage's!" she exclaimed almost with a scream. "My dear Caroline, you must not attempt it. The last time you could hardly get home; that's a fortnight ago, and you are weaker since then."

"But I had not my cousin's arm to lean upon, Miss Dawkes," was the cold answer. "Thomas, I should like to go, if you will not mind the trouble of walking back with me. I feel that it might do me good."

Without a word of dissent he took her through the gate, and bade her lean all her weight upon him. Had there never been any feeling between them but that arising from relationship, he might have passed his arm round her waist to help her on her way. But the very consciousness of what had been had made him throughout her married life more carefully respectful to her. And so they walked along—Caroline in her warm woollen cloak and hood, Keziah in nothing.

"There is not the slightest necessity for you to come, Miss Dawkes," said Caroline, stopping to speak. "Mr. Kage will take care of me."

"O, my dear, I *couldn't* be so unkind as suffer you to go alone," returned Keziah. "Don't mind me."

"I am not alone. You have no bonnet on."

"It is quite delightful, dear, to be without a bonnet this sweet day. I'm sure it's like summer," responded Keziah, shivering just a little, and wishing Mrs. Dawkes could be taken with a fit, or any other ailment that might stop the expedition. "Mr. Kage, how is your sister Charlotte?"

"Mrs. Lowther? Quite well, and busy and happy as usual with her many children."

"*Does* Mr. Lowther get on any better?" continued Keziah in a tone of compassion.

"Thank you, he does. Lowther has turned the lane at last, and is in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. Mrs. Gareton's legacy to his wife has been the means of effecting it."

"O!" said Keziah.

They came to the barrier in the field where the stile used to be. It was a gate now. How vividly the spot brought back that unhappy day to Thomas Kage, when he had found Caroline talking there with George Canterbury, and the blow she had dealt himself within a few minutes of it! He had never been the same man since. And she the vain, heartless girl, had grown into this poor, sickly, spiritless shadow, leaning on his arm, soon, very soon, to die.

Mrs. Kage was a worse spectacle—a miserable dried-up mummy, who had some little remains of mind left; but no capability of comfort in life. She could not eat and drink as she used; *that* had remained her chief solace, and that was leaving her. She sat huddled up in her chair in the bedroom, close to the fire, and was the veriest object Mr. Kage had ever looked upon. At the first moment he started back. No rouge now, no teeth, no false hair; when mortals get very near the grave, these adjuncts are left off. She was wrapped up in an old blue-silk cloak lined with ermine, that had once been young Mrs. Canterbury's; her palsied fingers kept catching at the fastening cord and tassels. O, what a wreck it was! What a wreck both were! What good had George Canterbury's money, that they so schemed for, brought to either? Thomas Kage could not help a fancy coming over him that it must have entailed evil.

Blinking upwards, she at length recognized her visitors. Caroline and Mr. Kage sat down by her; Keziah put herself on the other side, nearly into the fire. The sight of Thomas Kage appeared to reawaken the palsied woman to memories and interests.

"What's the matter with her?" she suddenly asked, touching Caroline, but addressing Mr. Kage.

"I do not know. I am grieved to see her looking so ill."

"She's dying. I know it. Every time she comes to see me there's less life in her. What do you do to her—you and that false brother of yours?"

The latter query was directed with a raised voice and menacing gesture to Miss Dawkes. That lady, receiving it in silence, stared a little; it took her by surprise.

"I'd like *you* to ask it, Thomas; and to require an answer from them. I can't, and I've got nobody here to do it for me or to speak to. They are killing her between them. He'll get all the money, you know."

Keziah's gray face took a tinge of purple. This turn in the conversation was by no means agreeable. Caroline was the one to break the silence.

"Mamma, do not let my state of health trouble you. I am as happy at the Rock as I should be anywhere else; happier perhaps. Major Dawkes has gone his own way this many a day, and I have gone mine. As to Miss Dawkes here, she is as attentive to me as can be."

Mrs. Kage blinked out at the three and shook her head. The matter was too complicated for her weakened mind to deal with or retain long. Again she bent towards Thomas Kage, and lowered her voice to a semi-whisper.

"If the time could come over again, Thomas, I'd not urge her to marry into the

Rock. We might have been better off had we stayed as we were. Where's the boy?"

"The boy!" stammered Mr. Kage, all too conscious of the secret that lay upon him.

"What did he die of, thatsweet little boy? I have dark dreams about it, I can tell you. I wonder if the Major has?"

Caroline rose, pleading fatigue. Keziah—her face a bright purple now—glanced round to see if the curious hint affected the company, and thought *not*, which was satisfactory. One thing Keziah did not bargain for—the strangely expressive look that sat in Mr. Kage's eyes, as her glance happened to meet his. Keziah had felt cold outside from lack of a bonnet; she turned far colder now.

They got safely out from the presence of the poor old woman, who seemed to have taken up some undesirable fancies, and whose last words were a loud lamentation over her daughter's ill-starred marriage with Barnaby Dawkes. It was now that Thomas Kage contrived to get a couple of minutes' private conversation with Caroline, in spite of Keziah's dragon-like precaution. That bonnetless lady, not daring to risk uncovered the same cold walk back again, stayed behind to borrow a shawl of Mrs. Kage's maid: and the others went on together.

In a few clear, concise, but rapid words, Thomas Kage inquired whether Caroline would wish to be anywhere else than at the Rock—whether she would choose to be an entirely free agent, and relieved of the espionage of Miss Dawkes; if so, he undertook that it should be at once accomplished. The secret he possessed gave him the power to act for her welfare in any way she pleased, and the Major should not dare to lift voice or finger in opposition. But Caroline shook her head and refused; all she wanted was to be left in peace to the end.

The end! Mr. Kage had made it his business to see the surgeon, Owen, that morning, in regard to Mrs. Dawkes's state, and inquired whether anything could be done for her. Nothing at all, the doctor answered; it was too late. She was dying of a complication that Mr. Owen could not well understand—chest-weakness and grief, and a kind of nervous irritability; dying slowly, no doubt, but quite surely. Neither Mr. Kage nor any other anxious friend could arrest the fiat. With this knowledge within him, Thomas Kage could not urge any removal upon her.

The last confidential word was spoken as Keziah's footsteps were heard. When she came hurrying up, a shawl pinned over her head, Mr. Kage was talking about the white clouds floating gently across the deep blue sky. Keziah began pathetically to deplore the "wandering state" of poor dear Mrs. Kage. Mrs. Kage's daughter agreed that it was very pitiable. Not for the world would Caroline have aroused any suspicions in Keziah; for who could tell what might come of such? The one earnest desire lay on her mind and heart like a nightmare—to succeed in getting a will made.

"God bless and keep you, my dear Caroline!" were the murmured words of Thomas Kage, as he stood to say farewell when they reached the Rock. "I shall see you again, I hope, some time."

"Yes; in heaven," she answered, bursting into tears. "Thank you for your life-long kindness to me, Thomas; thank you for ever."

And in all the phases of their many meetings and separations, never had Thomas Kage's heart ached worse than it did now, when he wrung her hands, and quitted her for the last time. His career in life, so to say, was beginning: hers was ending.

O, that miserable will of George Canterbury's! What good had it done to anybody? what ill not wrought?

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SEARCHING FOR FENCING-STICKS.

Keziah Dawkes stood at the entrance-door of the Rock, in the light of the afternoon sun. It might have been thought that she was standing there to admire the view, so beautiful as seen from that elevated spot. Perhaps she was; and speculating upon the fast approaching period when her beloved brother Darby—beloved still, as few brothers have been, in spite of his many sins, real or suspected, against Keziah and the world in general—should have this fine domain in absolute, actual possession. Her mood was one of complacency. Thomas Kage had gone away without any undesirable interference—he was barely out of sight even yet—and, so far as Keziah could understand, he was not likely to trouble them with a visit soon again. As to poor Mrs. Dawkes, Keziah, in her hard way, did feel some pity for her. She was very young to die; but Keziah comforted herself with this consolation—that *she* could not help it. If Mrs. Dawkes was sick with a sickness that would, apparently, only end in death, and not long first, either, it was certainly no fault of hers; she had not helped her to the sickness or the sorrow—was not responsible for it in any way whatsoever.

Upon coming in from the walk, and parting with Thomas Kage just within the hall, Caroline said she felt weary and would go to her room to rest, desiring not to be disturbed. Keziah acquiesced, speaking some kind words, and accompanied her to the foot of the stairs quite affectionately. It was in returning, that the rays from the western sun, streaming into the hall through the open entrance door, drew Keziah out by their brightness. The shawl borrowed from Mrs. Kage's maid was wrapped round her still; Keziah felt quite comfortable, and stayed there thinking, as if she meant to make it her abode for the rest of the day.

"Quite the best thing she could do," murmured Keziah, and the words applied to the retreat of her sister-in-law to rest in the south wing. "She is quiet there, and Fry's at hand to wait on her, and it saves me an immense deal of trouble. It is a strain to have to make conversation without ceasing for a person with whom you have no sympathies in common; or, rather, who has none with you. As to that horrible old Mrs. Kage, I could have found in my heart to put a pitch plaster on her mouth. She is more knave than fool. Talk of her being imbecile, indeed! Just because Thomas Kage was present, she said—that! Caroline did not take it up; that was a blessing; neither did he: but there was a look in his eyes I did not like to see. Thanks be to all the saints that the man has gone again! If he were to stay in the neighborhood, mischief might come of it. Only to think of her walking there and back because he was going to walk! He has great influence over her. And he is one of those inconveniently straightforward men that might prove troublesome if his suspicions were aroused as to—to anything. I should like to know what brings him down here. Not Caroline's interests, though—as I feared when old Owen first said he was come. I'm sure my heart leaped into my mouth; I felt that I ought to telegraph to Barby. But it's all right. I'll just mention that he has been here when I write to Barby presently; and if Barby chooses—my goodness! why, there he is?"

The last words applied to Barby himself. An open fly had driven in and was approaching the hall steps; in its inmate—a gentleman who leaned back with rather a pompous air—Keziah surely thought she recognized Barby. Did the sun's rays deceive her?—they were shining right into her eyes, dazzling her sight and she thought it must be so. The traveller took off his hat, and gave it a gentle wave by way of greeting. It was Barby. Keziah sounded a peal on the visitors' bell to bring out the servants.

Major Dawkes came up the steps, and Keziah received him with a warm embrace—which he did not seem to appreciate sufficiently. She led the way to the sitting-room, and stirred the fire into a blaze.

"All well?" asked the Major, taking off his overcoat, and standing on the hearth-rug to warm his hands.

"Quite well," answered Keziah. "Except that I fear Caroline grows weaker."

"Does she?—dear me! Where is she?" added the Major, looking round the room.

"She has just gone to lie down, Barnaby. What will you take?"

"Nothing at present. Is Kage down here?"

And, with the last question, Keziah's understanding was opened: Major Dawkes must have heard of Mr. Kage's visit, and had come to checkmate it.

Even so. Keziah was an accurate guesser. On the previous afternoon, chance, or luck, or whatever the genius might be that presided over the interests of Barnaby Dawkes, had taken that gentleman's lawyer to Mr. Kage's chambers. So vast a property as the Major had dropped into—or, to be correct, his wife, but it came to the same practically—had its complications. More than once, Mr. Kage, as the previous acting trustee, had to be referred to for details connected with the past management. Some need of this kind took lawyer Jessup to the barrister's chambers, and there he heard that Mr. Kage had just gone down to Chilling. Later in the day, another chance, or accident, caused Major Dawkes to call at his lawyer's—the objects of the two visits being quite unconnected with each other. While there, the lawyer incidentally mentioned the item of news he had heard—that Mr. Kage had gone to Chilling.

"To see your wife, Major, no doubt," innocently quoth old Jessup, who had not the faintest notion of anything that might be involved, or of the sudden turn the suggestion gave the Major.

"Ah, yes, possibly so; they are cousins," drawled the Major, stroking his black moustache, and relieving his feelings by a little mental swearing.

The Major would have liked to drive direct to the Paddington Station and take the first train for Chilling. That might not be, however; but he made arrangements to leave in the morning. Down he came, as fast as the engine would bring him; his mind rather inconveniently tormenting itself as to the motive that had taken Thomas Kage thither. That it was to see Mrs. Dawkes he assumed to be a matter of course; but, with what object? Conscience makes cowards of the best of us—it made a coward of the Major oftener than his friends might think—and is apt to suggest all kinds of improbabilities. The least he feared was, that Mr. Kage had gone down to inform his wife she ought to make a will. There might be one or two things in life Major Dawkes dreaded more than that, but he dreaded it quite enough.

She might be leaving half the fortune away from him, once she got the idea of a will put into her head, as the Major's common sense told. He did not intend she should. Having come to revel in the sweets of wealth, it would not be pleasant to relinquish any of it. Major Dawkes was living rather a fast life, spending the late Mr. Canterbury's money wholesale. The principal he could not touch; but he made free as air with the large amount returned as interest.

Keziah, feeling at rest as to the reason of his sudden appearance, slipped off the shawl, and took up her knitting.

"Is Kage down here?"

"Yes."

"What has he come for?"

"I was asking the very same question of myself just as you arrived, Barnaby. I don't know."

"Where the deuce is he staying? In the house?"

"Certainly not," quietly answered Keziah, as she told, in a few words, all she knew of the matter—the hearing of his arrival from Owen, the doctor, and Mr. Kage's subsequent visit. Major Dawkes listened with a gloomy brow.

"O, yes, I dare say! It's all very well for you to tell me he is going back to-morrow morning, and will not call here again. I don't believe it."

"You may depend upon one thing, I think, Barnaby: that, whatever business may have brought him here, it is not connected with Caroline."

"You are a fool, Keziah," politely rejoined the Major.

"Not where you are concerned," was Keziah's composed answer. "You had never cause to charge me with being that in the years gone by."

"Do you suppose she wrote for him?"

"Who?—Caroline? I am sure she did not. She has never put pen to paper since we came to the Rock. Had you seen the quiet apathetic manner with which she received him when he came in this morning, you would put aside all idea of her having sent for him—or of wishing to see him either."

"The man must want something, Keziah. He'd not come all this cursed long railway journey for pleasure. What interests has he in Chilling but Caroline? Don't tell me."

Keziah, knitting always, silently revolved the points in her mind. There was reason in what Barby said. On the other hand, she could not disbelieve her sight and ears, and senses generally. Thomas Kage had paid but a formal call, as any other stranger might do, and was certainly not coming again.

"That man has been a sort of enemy to me through life; cropping up at all kinds of unseasonable times," observed the Major, giving the rich and thick hearth-rug a passionate kick.

"But you always have managed to hold your own against him in the long-run," quietly returned Keziah.

"Yes, and will still. I'm sure I wish the fellow was buried; there's no man living I—"

Major Dawkes came to a sudden pause. "I dread so much as him," had been the words on the tip of his tongue. But it was not always convenient to speak out his full thoughts, even to Keziah.

"Look here, Keziah. The man must have come down on some matter connected with Caroline; and I don't care what you say to the contrary. He may have got it into his head—and my firm belief is that he has—that she ought to make a will. Considering the faculty he has for mixing himself up with other people's affairs, it's only what he might be expected to do. He has come here to see whether she had done it, and to suggest it to her."

"I tell you no, Barnaby," reiterated Keziah. "He did not hint at such a thing: he never said a word to her that anybody could disapprove of. The conversation was upon the most indifferent topics you can imagine. I was with them all the time."

Major Dawkes twisted the corners of his moustache savagely. Things did not look absolutely clear.

"Does *she* ever express a wish to make one?"

"Never. I do not suppose the thought or wish has occurred to her. I feel quite sure she looks upon you as her legal successor her."

"And of course I am such," interjected the Major.

"One day last week we were on the lawn; Caroline sat down to rest; things were looking beautiful. A remark slipped from me quite involuntarily, that I hoped you, when you were sole master here, would keep the gardeners to their duty, as they were kept now. 'Yes, indeed; if I thought otherwise, I should be sorry to leave the place,' she answered. Barnaby, rely upon it, she has no thought of leaving anything away from you."

The Major felt a little reassured.

"A will is an inconvenient article, you see, Keziah. Once a man or woman sets himself to make one, he may be led away to leave no end of property to individuals indiscriminately."

"Ease you mind," was Keziah's assuring answer. "Caroline has no thought of doing it; and if she had, I am at hand, remember. She is in a state of complete apathy; I don't believe she cares one iota whose the property is, or who will inherit after her."

The Major let fall his coat-tails, which he had picked up under his arm, and moved off the hearth-rug.

"I'll go up and see her. South wing, isn't it? A curious freak, to take up her abode in that gloomy place."

"She is quiet there, you see; and to be quiet is all she cares for now. As to the wing being gloomy, I think the rooms are very nice and comfortable."

"And look out on a howling wilderness," observed the Major. "If I recollect rightly, that is the chief prospect the windows possess."

"There are some charming hills and other scenery in the distance."

"Every one to his taste: distant hills possess no attractions for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Chinese and their Children.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The article published a few weeks ago in THE POST, in regard to the baby tomb, recalls to my mind another very curious circumstance that I was an eye-witness to myself in the year 1852. In that year I belonged to a whale ship, and our ship having stopped a short time in Hong Kong for recruiting, gave us (the crew) an opportunity to have a run on shore. I noticed one day a more than usual commotion among the thousands of Chinese in sight on the banks of the river, and soon discovered the cause of it in the shape of a bouncing little specimen of Chinese humanity floating along among the many Chinese junks, whale ships, men-of-war, and merchant vessels in the stream. The child, about a year old, had fallen overboard, and was on its way down stream. The buoyancy of its clothing kept it from sinking, and yet if not picked up certain death was inevitable, yet there, in the face of thousands of Chinese, not a soul of them stirred a hand or foot towards saving the child, yet they all showed by their agitation that they wished it saved. The child floated down stream several hundred yards, and then, in passing a man-of-war, an American sailor jumped overboard and rescued the little fellow, and brought him in on deck. Not more than ten minutes afterwards that ship was literally swarming with the Chinese, each one trying his utmost to reach the child, or the sailor, it seemed no difference which one they got. After a great deal of noise and parleying the child was delivered up to them, and they then made a terrible fuss over it, carried it ashore in great state and delivered it to the highest functionary in the land, to be preserved by him, and brought up to fill some important position in life. Afterward its parents also were well provided for, and the sailor who had saved the child was called for next day by those in high authority and several speeches made to him, besides being loaded down with valuable silk shawls and coins, and other presents to the amount of several hundred dollars for the simple act of picking up a little Chinese baby, and saving it from drowning. He told me afterwards he would pick up babies all the year round if it paid so well every time.

The Chinese seemed to think that that child *now* was something more than an ordinary one and destined to fill some very prominent position, both in this life and hereafter, and as such he was literally worshipped by them. Hence all the noise and fuss they made was for joy at the child's being saved by other hands than their own.

AURELIUS.

THE SWIMMER'S CRAMP.—The cases of supposed cramp attending the sudden sinking of swimmers is explained by The Lancet, on the ground that the respiratory muscles must be the ones seized by the cramp, and in their action they force the air from the lungs so effectually that the body, which was before lighter than water, now becomes heavier, and consequently suddenly sinks below the surface. This journal recommends gymnastic culture of the respiratory muscles as the best preventive against the affection.

☞ The Senate of Ohio, by a nearly unanimous vote, has requested Congress, in adjusting the tariff, to favor agricultural interests, or at least not discriminate against them.

## More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

### THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, March 8, 1870.

There is quite a large Chinese population in Grass Valley, occupying chiefly one street in the suburbs of the town. Thither I bent my footsteps the latter part of last month upon the occasion of the Chinese celebration of their New Year. The old year, according to their reckoning, closed on January 29 of our present year, and the last days the Celestials devoted, as is their wont, to paying off debts, doing penance for sins committed during the year, setting off fire-crackers, burning sacred papers and incense to purify the atmosphere of evil spirits—and making ready generally in accordance with all their time-honored customs for beginning life afresh. To tell the real truth they kept up a terrible noise down there, especially upon their New Year's Eve, no little to the annoyance of Grass Valley citizens of other nationalities, for the racket they kept up was clearly audible all over the town. For myself the novelty was too great to admit of my joining in the universal grumbling, and the wild, barbarous sounds of gongs, shouting and fire-works, amused me even though they deprived me of my rightful sleep.

The next day I walked down to China-town with some friends to see what was to be seen. We walked past all the stores and dwellings directly to the temple at the further end of the street, and proceeded first of all to pay our compliments to Dr. Wah Kee, the high priest of the temple and prominent medical man, in his adjacent office. Dr. Wah Kee received us with much ceremony, presented us each with his card—a folded piece of vermillion colored paper, bearing the name in native characters—and offered us refreshments. Declining the proffered cake, wine and cigars, we felt no hesitancy, however, in helping ourselves from the neat little wooden tray containing in its different compartments nuts, and several kinds of dried and candied fruits. The confections were equal to any I have ever purchased at Vansant's or Whitman's, and numbered amongst them dates, figs, limes, and several other fruits of the Chinese varieties.

After thus extending his hospitalities to us, the worthy Doctor inquired if I was not the lady who was fond of music. Alas! in what evil moment did such an idea enter his brain! Being answered in the affirmative by a cruel member of our party he summoned forthwith his musicians, directed them to their seats in one corner of the temple, and politely bowed me to a seat close by them where I might see and *enjoy*. I was prepared to listen to the music during the time of worship in the temple, but to have an additional performance for my own especial benefit was truly more than I had bargained for. However, nothing was left me but to benignly smile my thanks to the Doctor for his kind intentions whilst within my very soul a rebellious voice was murmuring—"Alas! cruel fate!" The instruments upon the occasion consisted of several species of *hautbois*, kettle drums, and the inevitable gong; and, considering me capable of appreciating, the musicians played their very hardest, most distracting ditties. One performer there was, who managed to keep at least three drums going at once—two different kettle drums and one curious looking wooden contrivance. He was evidently considered an accomplished artist.

But all things human draw sometimes to an end, and this startling performance did so at the approach of the hour for worship in the temple. Then the character of the music changed for that of a more serious cast. It was calmer and less noisy, at all events, and certain things are certainly rendered more endurable by variety. Then the worshippers came hastening into the temple through Dr. Wah Kee's office, where they had to go first in order to purchase the sacred papers and Joss-sticks he has to dispose of. As they came forwards the more devout divested themselves of their hats; numbers, however, neglected this mark of reverence. The altar had been newly decorated for this important occasion, the representatives of Josh and of the two other divinities that grace it had been freshly painted, and offerings of tea, nuts, fruits, and confections were set out. You know the Chinese believe that everything that grows possesses a spirit, and it is the spirit of the material food they place upon the altar that they intend as an offering to their divinities. Curiously wrought artificial flowers adorn the stands of eatables, and burning candles and Josh-stick emitted an almost suffocating abundance of incense. The worshippers approached the altar, added their Joss-sticks to those already burning there, and lighted their sacred papers. Then they knelt, three at a time, one upon each of the cushions placed there for the purpose, prostrated themselves, touching the ground each three times with their foreheads. The burning papers they swayed to and fro with repeated mutterings and genuflexions, then rising, hastily deposited them in a side furnace surrounded by a rather hard-looking lion through whose mouth the smoke ascends upwards. These papers, of course, are covered with written prayers, the spirit of which is supposed to ascend upwards through smoke, flames, and incense, and thus become acceptable to the higher powers.

Having performed this religious duty the denizens of Chinatown were ready to enter upon the jollifications of the season, and set forth first of all to make New Year's calls upon their friends according to their habit. After examining two or three shrines within the temple, decorated similarly with the main altar, only upon a smaller scale, we, too, made calls at the stores of some prominent merchants in the street, Tyng Ti, Ely Chong, Lung Li by name. All were dressed in holiday attire, and met us with the merriest countenances conceivable, each one accosting us with: "Hello! Happy New Year!" In this exclamation, by-the-way, they take extreme delight, thinking it intensely American, and always fairly chuckling with satisfaction after getting it off. Each offered us refreshments like those set out at Dr. Wah Kee's, and besides fruit and confections at the store of Ely Chong, we accepted some tea of the most exquisite flavor of any I have ever tasted, tendered in the daintiest of China cups. The Chinese are proverbial for their generosity during the New Year festivities; a little boy who was of our party was fairly loaded down by them with packages of fire crackers, as well as eatables. We grown folks would have met with like fate had we accepted all the generous offers made to us. Upon each counter stood two card-receivers, one filled with the cards of the master of the establishment, of which at each place we received our share, the other containing cards left by callers.

Upon the opposite side of the way the feminities were sitting at the open doors of their dwellings, attired many of them in most gorgeous array. The most prominent were dressed in light blue silk brocades, of precisely the pattern and style you see in Chinese pictures, with their little daisty feet cased in the most faultlessly white stockings and neat sandals. Their faces were elaborately painted, their heads tricked off in a manner that was marvellous to behold. One style struck my fancy in especial. I do not know how to describe it more explicitly than by saying that the front hair was twisted into rolls, rendered stiff with bandoline, and that the back hair was wound smoothly around a frame-work shaped like the upper arm of a sewing machine. Then the entire structure was ornamented with artificial flowers, gilded darts, arrows and various other devices. I saw children running around decked off gayly as so many little peacocks, in style not unlike that of the mothers, only still more grotesque, and their heads surmounted by a species of turban.

The dwellings are but miserable shanties, and are usually excessively filthy; in honor of the New Year, however, they had been actually made clean for once. Before each window was a little table bearing wine, tea, trays of refreshments, card-receivers, and very beautiful flowers. Some of the latter were cut and kept fresh in water, others growing upon the plant in flower pots. They have in great abundance one plant with a bulbous root, bearing a fragrant and very delicate white flower, with yellow tinted centre, shaped on a smaller scale, somewhat like the Jonquil. It is a species of water lily, and when cultivated thus within doors is grown in vessels of water, filled around with pebbles. This is a sacred plant, an especial favorite with the gods. When it puts forth all its sprouts in regular order, and blossoms in perfection, it is supposed to be indicative of good fortune to its possessor, otherwise ill-luck is feared. The Chinese have a legend connected with this plant, which is as follows:

Long years ago there dwelt a man in China who was possessed of enormous wealth. He had two wives, by each of whom he had a large family. Now, he made a favorite of the youngest and handsomest of these wives, and when he came to die he left all his vast fortune to her eldest son, who was expected to provide for his mother and the rest of her children. The other wife and her children were left destitute, and her eldest son went to his brother and begged of him to relieve their wants from his abundance. The wealthy brother laughed him to scorn, until finally wearied with his importunities he mockingly presented him with half an acre of marshy land, considered totally worthless. The gods had looked disapprovingly upon the father's shameful injustice, and now frowned still more darkly upon the brother's cruel scorn. Gazing with protecting pity upon the portionless and wronged, they caused to spring up in this marshy strip of land the beautiful and delicate water lilies, such as I have described. The sale of the flowers brought in means in abundance for the support of the destitute family, who were besides everywhere honored as the beloved of the gods. Although these plants thrive when transplanted elsewhere, they are indigenous to no other spot than this one half acre of land, so says the legend.

Some time since I attended another celebration in Chinatown. It was a banquet given to the souls of the departed great. There were then altars erected on either side of the way in front of the temple, upon which stood various offerings, and before which prostrations were made and libations of sanctified tea poured out. Bands of music were stationed beside each altar, and they chanted backward and forward—first a dirge as for the death knell, with final rejoicing for the deliverance from earthly care, having more idea of form and meaning than anything I have ever heard in Chinese music. Part of the ceremony then was casting the offerings into the huge bonfires of sacred papers burning through the street.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ At length "the truth is made known" about the Cardiff giant, if Chicago gossip may be relied upon. The whole thing was a deliberate humbug, for the purpose of filling empty pockets. Two men went to Chicago in June, 1868—so runs the story—and secretly hired a German sculptor to cut a statue for seventy-five dollars. The block of gypsum was procured, and the work of chiseling performed in a barn, only three persons being in the secret. The figure was completed in twenty days. The application of a gallon of strong acid and a quantity of ink gave the giant the appearance of venerable age. Then he was packed in a box, and the next news was, that a petrified giant, or statue of great antiquity, had been unearthed on a farm in the State of New York! Everybody is familiar with the recent history of the giant. The artist, yet unknown to fame, does not consider this his best effort, but is willing to receive orders for duplicates at the same price as the original! In fact, when the workmanship of the giant was criticised, the sculptor is said to have remarked "that any baker could make as good a thing out of dough!" But that was only because his employers hurried him so!

☞ One of the simplest, briefest wills on record was that of a wealthy New Orleans man. It consisted of only these words: "Mrs. Roper is my heiress," with a codicil of four or five words more; and although it was severely contested in the courts, its legality was sustained.

☞ A sensational preacher in Iowa conducts Sunday services in a billiard-saloon, opening church with beer all around, and closing with a treat for the crowd. He draws large audiences.

☞ Dio Lewis says: "If you will hold yourself erect, with your chin close to your neck, swing your arms freely and move rapidly, you will find walking the very best exercise. Few muscles escape work, while you enjoy fresh air, sunshine and a constant change of scene. I have taught gymnastics as a profession for many years, but as a source of health I believe walking is superior to any of the artificial exercises."

☞ "When are you going to settle this bill?" "We've had a settlement already." "When?" "The last time you called." "How so?" "Didn't I tell you I *meant* to settle the bill?" "Yes." "Very well, then; wasn't that a *settle meant?*"

☞ A lady in Wapakoneta, Ohio, recently desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new *malady* she got from Pittsburg last week."

## Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ A remarkable proof of the nutritious quality of ocean moss is afforded by the "edible birds'-nests" of the sea swallows. The birds—as is well known to naturalists—gather the mucilagenous substances of which these epicurian delicacies are composed, from the order of plants to which this marine product belongs. In the markets of China the finest nests, which are as white as wax and about the size of a coffee cup, are worth their weight in silver. They are much prized by the Chinese for their invigorating and fattening qualities, but in these respects and in flavor they are by no means equal to blanc mange, made with sea moss farina.

☞ In the Missouri Legislature, the Constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women was indefinitely postponed, by a vote of 68 to 37.

☞ Winchester, Va., during the war, changed hands eighty-seven times, sometimes as many as three times in a single day.

☞ General Sheridan's report states that during the last eight years 800 persons have been murdered by the Indians within the limits of his present department, and many were fearfully tortured and mutilated. He adds that the problem to be solved is, "Who shall be killed—the whites or the Indians?" It does not matter much which—if both parties are equally savages.

☞ At a divorce trial before Judge Sample in Muncie, Ind., last week, the principals in the suit, in relating how loving they used to live together when first married, became so affected over the recollection of their lost happiness that they commenced crying; the Judge followed suit, the audience joined in, and handkerchiefs were in general demand. Judge Sample, when they had all got through crying, suggested to the husband and wife the propriety of trying to live happily together once more. After consultation they concluded to try it again, and the case was thus ended.

☞ The male citizens of Zanesville, Ohio, have petitioned that women may be invested with all the rights of citizenship, and also with all its duties: namely—that they be liable to military, jury, and road duty; liability for their own and their husbands' debts; and that if a woman refuse or neglect to provide for the support of her husband and family, a divorce shall be granted, awarding alimony to the husband.

☞ SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—An old lady, on reading that an ice-house had been burned, remarked: "La, now I I suppose it was from spontaneous combustion. I often noticed that the ice in the wagons smoked."

☞ Josh Billings charges the cat with being a kritter that is guilty of affektashun: "I hev known a kat tew kleen the kream all oph from the buzzum of a pan of milk, and then limp into the sitting-room on all four legs, and lay down in the corner of the fireplace, as melancholily, as tho she hadn't a friend on the face of the earth."

☞ A negro baby has been born in Kentucky with ten fingers on each hand; and every man who has a hen-roost in that neighborhood intends to pack up his chickens and emigrate just as soon as ever that freedman arrives at years of discretion.

☞ Gold went up again on Friday, the 11th, from 110¼ to 113¼.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls sold in lots to the retailers and bakers at prices ranging from $4,37½@4.50 for superfine, $4,75@5 for extra, $5@5,75 for Northwest extra family, $5@5,75 for Penna extra family, $5,25@6,25 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $4,62½@4,75.

GRAIN—20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1,22@1,25; small lots of choice do at $1,26@1,27, and 2000 bus of white at $1,40@1,60 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—3500 bus sold at $1. Corn—40,000 bus of new yellow sold at 90@92c in store and from the cars, and 82@86c afloat, and 2000 bus of white at 92½@92½c ₱ bus. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 54@56c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of 300 bbls new Mess Pork at $20@20,50. Mess Beef may be quoted at $21@22 ₱ bbl for city packet extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $21@22 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 15@15½c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c. Green Meats—Sales of 600 tcs pickled Hams at 14@15c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 10½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 14@14½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 16c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@32c; very choice do at 35c. Pennsylvania and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 20c. Cheese—Sales at 17@18c. Eggs sell at 25@27c ₱ doz.

COTTON—700 bales Middlings sold at 21½@22c for Uplands, and 22½@23c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—1700 ℔s of yellow sold at 36c ₱ ℔.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,40@1,45; Mixed do $1,20@1,25; Straw $1,25@1,30.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@30c and Wisconsin at 15@23c ₱ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is very little doing; we quote No. 1 at $24@25. Bar Iron is quoted at $78@80 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is unsettled, with sales of 2400 bus at $7,75@8,25. Timothy commands $4,75. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,35@2,36 ₱ bushel.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₱ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to $55 ₱ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 7@9c ₱ ℔. 3600 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,50 ₱ 100 ℔s.


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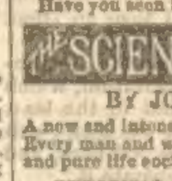
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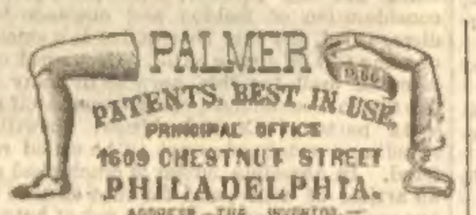

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Moss Skinner Out West.

CHICAGO, March, 1870.

Thus far have I penetrated into the outskirts of civilization with my now world-renowned Tonic, with the noble and sole purpose of carrying peace and tranquillity to every household by healing the sick and comforting the afflicted. The doting mother, who, with tearless agony, hangs o'er the couch of her first born; the broken-hearted father, who loves that child with a love that gin cannot quench; or, perchance, the ruined and dissipated gamester, who, stretched on a bed of sickness, is patiently waiting for the last card,—all, all call down blessings on the head of Dr. Moss Skinner, sole proprietor of the famous "Chain Lightning Tonic," price two dollars a bottle, invariably in advance; undertakers liberally considered.

I came part of the way here by the W. & H. Railroad. Now I don't wish to insinuate that this is a slow railroad, but candor compels me to say that if I was a snail with a good pair of legs under me, I should prefer to saunter along ahead of the train than to waste my time by getting aboard. Instances have been known on this railroad of boys taking the cars at one station and getting out at the next gray-haired men; and I saw a man, myself, a confirmed consumptive, who informed me that when he got aboard the train he only had a slight cough. They don't appoint any conductors here over thirty years of age, as there is danger before the train gets through of their being so old they can't see to make change. One trip a lifetime is considered handsome, although they have a picture of a conductor hanging up in the office, who made two trips.

They had a lawsuit awhile ago. An old lady got in with a boy, and paid half fare, but the boy grew up before they got through, and the conductor made him pay full fare; so she sued the road. There was considerable excitement about it, but I don't know how it came out.

I went to the depot early, and found a train waiting, and I am told there is always a train waiting. They are advertised to start two hours behind time, but they seldom get away till next day.

The cars look like a batch of second-hand coffins struck by lightning. I took a seat and waited three hours without any signs of starting. I had nothing to take up my mind, so I kept reading the "Rules and Regulations of the W. & H. R. R.," which were posted in the car;—

"First—Conductors will keep out of sight, in order to avoid answering needless questions in relation to times, distances, &c., and when the train stops, will, if possible, keep the passengers in ignorance of the name of the station.

"Second—Conductors have the privilege of keeping the change belonging to passengers, and if said passengers become unruly, the brakeman will go for 'em. He must not, however, knock them down, as knocking down is strictly the conductor's business.

"Third—Passengers are requested not to spit out of the window, as it seriously retards the progress of the train.

"Fourth—Continued and well-founded complaints having reached the Company, of conductors so far forgetting the dignity of the road as to race with funerals, this is strictly forbidden.

"Fifth—Hens, sheep, &c., who persist in blockading the train by getting on the track, on hereby warned that they will be held accountable for damages."

I thought the train never would start, so I went forward to find the conductor.

"What times does this string of condemned hearses start?" said I, in my company voice.

"We started an hour ago," said he. "We are going at our fastest speed now."

I got out and walked, and soon had the satisfaction of leaving the train far behind. —*True Flag.*

### No Choice.

It is certainly gratifying to know that in ——, Illinois, the Young Men's Christian Association is doing a good work. One of its most active members is Mr. ——, a young gentleman of position and means, who has done much in aiding the poor and unfortunate. At one time he became quite interested in a German family in indigent circumstances. The wife was quite sick, and he visited her very often, doing all he could to prepare her mind for the worst, if it should come to that. He had not seen her for a few days when he met the husband, and the following conversation took place:

"How do you do, Mr. ——? How is your wife?"

"Mein frau?—mein frau is dead."

"Dead! is it possible? Was she resigned?"

"Resigned? *resigned?* Mein Gott! *she had to be!*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Spice.

B., the well-known photographer, took the cars for home the other night, and, wearied with a long day's work in posing hard subjects for pictures, fell into a gentle doze. At the first station a lady entered, and stopping at the vacant seat by B.'s side, said: "Can I *sit* here, sir?" "Yes'm," said the half-aroused artist. "Full-length or bust?"

A gentleman visiting Barbadoes relates as part of his experience in dining with a high-toned colored family, that when the turkey was carved he was asked if he would have "some of de insertion," which, after some thought, he discovered to be a delicate invitation to take some stuffing.

"Have you ever seen the Prince of Wales?" asked a lady of an old salt in New Bedford. "Certainly, marm, saw prints of 'em in the primer long afore I ever went to sea," said Tarpaulin.

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.—"If you will quote any of my jokes," said Lamb, "quote this, which is really a good one. Hume and his wife and several of their children were with me. Hume repeated the old saying, 'One fool makes many.' 'Ay, Mr. Hume,' said I, pointing to the company, 'you have a fine family.'"

CAUSE OF ABSENCE.—When the late Lord Campbell married Miss Scarlett, and departed on his wedding trip, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on in the bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my lord," replied Brougham, "but I understand he is ill, suffering from Scarlett fever."

JOSH BILLINGS says that the mosquito was born of poor, but honest parents, who had in their veins some of the best blood in the country.

WILLIE (reading from the morning paper).—"Oh, Johnny, here's a jolly lark!—a schoolmaster had up for licking a boy!"

JOHNNY (in ecstasy).—"Oh, I say, let's see! Read it out, loud!"

### Winning Promotion.

THE late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W., at the mess of the Eleventh Regiment, that the Colonel was uncommonly bald, and although a much younger man than his Royal Highness, he stood in more need of a wig. The Colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his Royal Highness that his baldness could easily be accounted for.

"In what manner?" asked the Duke. To which Colonel W. replied:

"By my junior officers stepping over my head."

The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant Colonel received promotion in a few days.

THE HIGHLANDERS.—During a disturbance in the West Indies, some years ago, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders were sent to one of the islands to restore order. The negroes had never seen a Scotch regiment before, and were consequently puzzled at the costume; till at last one more cunning than the rest explained it by saying, "Dey are in such a hurry to kill de poor black men, dat dey came away without their breeches."

### Buttering the Head.

Hot climate attire should be devised on the principle of keeping heat out, whereas cold climate attire should be devised on the principle of keeping heat in. The climate being hot and equable, then perhaps, if consideration of fashion and elegance be disregarded, the very best attire is a smear of some sort of grease or oil. Cocoa-nut oil is much used for this purpose in many of the South Sea Islands, common palm-oil in some parts of Central Africa, notwithstanding a certain odor not to be called refined. In Abyssinia, butter is much used as an article of attire, and for that climate it has many advantages. A good pat of butter being stuck upon the head, an Abyssinian goes forth with no other covering than fashion and fig-leaf sentiment admonish. The genial butter melts in the sun, and leaking down, a bad heat conductor helps to keep the Ayssinian body at the normal 100 degrees Fahrenheit, enjoined so strenuously by nature. Here, too, let me add that the partiality for what we may call butter attire is not a mere Abyssinian prejudice. An Englishman, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, a gentleman now holding office in the bankruptcy court, if I mistake not, spent some years in Abyssinia, and published a book of Abyssinian travels. I have read that book, and remember well the eulogistic way our English traveller speaks of butter as an article of attire. The impression the reading of his book of travels gave to me was that but for the fashionable, and still more the fig-leaf sentiment, the traveller would not object even now to go to business with a pat of butter on his head, leaking down *pro re nata*, as doctors write in their prescriptions, guarding himself against the quick and incalculable mutations of our English climate.

### Burns as a Farmer.

He took possession of a farm at Ellisland, on the banks of the beautiful Nith. His heart was not in his work, as we may judge from his own bitter words: "If miry ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once." But the "miry ridges" might have yielded an honorable independence, had Burns looked after his farm.

In three years and a half the end came; Burns lost all his money, the farm-stock was sold by auction, and the former lion of Edinburgh was driven to live in a Dumfries lane as an exciseman, on seventy pounds a year! In five years more death ended the sad struggle, and then Scotland woke up in amazement to honor her dead poet.

A CERTAIN philosopher, wishing to ascertain how far aquatic birds might convey seeds from one lake or pond of fresh water to another, in the mud adhering to their feet, took out a teacupful of such mud. This he placed in a situation to allow the seeds which it contained to germinate, and, as fast as little plants appeared, he pulled them out and counted them. He obtained from the single teacupful of soil more than two hundred thriving plants.

☞ Bugfeldt is exceedingly stout. One day last summer, while he was at Long Branch, he went in to bathe. There was no surf worth speaking of, and so Bugfeldt paddled out for a considerable distance. He was swimming back leisurely, when his excessive stomach grated on the bottom. He concluded to wade; but what was his astonishment, upon assuming a vertical position, to find that the water was over his head! That was the first intimation Bugfeldt had that he was broader than he was long.

### How Diet Affects Character.

Some men, if they had but good physique, would rise to the highest positions; others, who have the physique—the bodily health—rise to the highest places, although their powers of mind are very inferior. It is not Utopian to say that every one might preserve his healthfulness and youthfulness of mind and body through life, if he realized how he ought to live, what to eat, drink, and avoid. Men (and women too) might remain vigorous and vivacious, equal to the emergencies of life, and ready to face its trials with the "child heart," not withered, but "grown into the man's."

It must be acknowledged that the great mass of the people of large cities have fallen into a feeble condition which, though perhaps it is not disease, is not health. It is a low state of vitality, of physical power, of mental energy, and even of moral strength. Ability to cope with and surmount obstacles, the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, cannot exist without a firmer and more sturdy and stalwart development than can be acquired in a damp cellar on a diet of bread and tea.

What we desire, and most earnestly strive to attain, is a race of men, not poor, puny, wizened creatures dragging on a miserable half-existence, but men and women with vitality, with energy, and "pluck."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Scalding Milk Vessels.

It used to be the practice to scald milk pans and milk pails, and it is the practice yet.

Why is it done? There is no "science" about it; philosophy has not led to it. What is it then that induced people to engage in what they didn't understand, yet which was and is a great good? It is experience. It has been found that scalding a vessel with hot water will have an effect that cannot otherwise be obtained.

What is that effect? Simply the destruction of little spores of fermentation, which propagate rapidly in dirt, and in the least dirt, so little that it cannot be seen (with the naked eye). Experience led here, and philosophy followed to corroborate it.

You cannot cleanse a vessel, then, without hot water. And this water must not only be smacking hot, biting your hand, but it must be absolutely boiling hot, up to the point. Then you will kill all the live animalculæ; otherwise, you will not.

And when the vessel is thus treated—cleaned first, and scalded afterward—set it away to dry, and do not touch it again till it is wanted for milk. Milk, remember, is a powerful absorbent, like charcoal, or plaster, or earth; and it will hold what it gets, improving on the rankness. In winter this is less the case, yet it is the case; in summer it is all important to attend to it.

How necessary then to see that the hands having the handling of milk in charge, are to be trusted. This is as necessary as anything, and is the first necessity—the necessity on which hang the rest.

The dirt being away, the air must be pure.

This you cannot scald; you must therefore resort to other means—and these means are, not confined bad air of the cellar or milk-rooms, especially foul with vegetable odors; nor the aroma of the dunghill; the rank, urinal steam of the stables; nor in the case of a cheese factory, the proximity to a pig pen; but an avoidance of all of them—for these things will as certainly affect the milk as the dirt left in the pan.

An absolute freedom from everything that is offensive in odor or flavor, is the requisite to prime cheese, or a first quality of butter. Who has not detected the common taint of the stables in milk and cream? Can this be endured?

Butter kept in the room over night with the family (in winter,) is not fit to use. It has absorbed so much of the odors that it has become foul. The taste of the bad air is plainly perceptible. But cover your butter plate (not an old one) with a tight dish—say a tin basin, and your butter will be found much the same as when placed there. It is, however, only perfect when *kept*—not occasionally put—in pure air. Housekeepers take note. When once tainted it can never be cured, but tenaciously holds all it has, and gets all it can. Like charcoal, or gypsum, or earth, it is a powerful absorber. From the time it is gathered in the cow until it is eaten in the family, the greatest care must be given to the lacteal product. Not only that, it reaches still farther; the food, the water, must not possess the odor. But generally the worst is in the vessels and the atmosphere that comes in contact with it. These, at least, if impure, impart their impurity, however pure the milk may have been before.—*Western Farmer*

### Hemlock Hedges.

The editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, in describing a hemlock hedge, gives the following remarks concerning the objection against the hemlock as a hedge plant, with hints as to the proper shaping of a hedge, which we commend to our readers:

"Some think that as the hemlock is a large forest timber tree, it cannot be kept down as a hedge plant, but summer pruning will keep the strongest tree in a dwarf condition for a great number of years. The pruning has to be done just after the young growth pushes out, which about here is the end of May. It is very important the hedge should be cut with sloping sides, so that *every part of the surface should have the full benefit of the light.* No hedge with upright sides or square tops will keep thick at the bottom long. Some objection has been made to the hemlock that it is difficult to transplant. This is only when the roots are allowed to get dry, or are not beaten firmly in the soil at transplanting. The roots are slender and soon dry through, and they suffer from this neglect more easily than other trees; but it is so easy to guard against this, that no one but a confirmed lazybones will have anything to say against it."

### The Cranberry.

Much has been said and written on the practicability of growing the cranberry on dry upland soils.

My own experience, and that of many others, is proof conclusive that they can be grown successfully and profitably on dry uplands.

We find them on the so-called pine barren lands of Long Island, growing to perfection without the usual course of flooding, which so many consider necessary. There are few farmers who have not land suitable to the growth of this excellent fruit.

A clay, or loamy soil, that is naturally moist, is the best; upon such, there is no doubt of successful culture. The land should be prepared by plowing and harrowing thoroughly; rake level, and plant in rows 1½ feet apart, and one foot in the rows.

Hoe the plants as long as convenient without disturbing them; after which, weeding is all the cultivation necessary.

The plants are set, in spring, until the 15th of May; in the fall, from the 1st of October until the ground freezes.—*Cor. Rural American.*

### Charcoal for Horses' Wind.

"Many years ago, I recollect," says a correspondent of a London paper, "a horse being brought into the yard of Joseph Bignal, a celebrated man for keeping hunters at Croydon. The horse was very much affected in the wind, and could hardly move from distress. In a very few days this animal did its regular work as a hunter, with perfect ease and comfort to itself. Tar water was the cure. Tar is carbon, and charcoal is also carbon; charcoal in the powder is more easily given than tar water. I have tried it with most beneficial effect, and I think it stands to reason that the removal of noxious gases and flatulence from the stomach of the horse must improve his wind and condition. Tar is frequently given with benefit in cases of chronic disease of the respiratory organs; but its effects are totally different from those produced by charcoal (carbon)."

### Unconscious Influence Over Animals.

The horse is like his driver, and the dog like his master. A nervous, timorous man is almost sure to have a skittish horse, shying at anything unsteady, and a runaway if he gets a chance. Many a cow is spoiled by lack of patience and quietness in the milker, and the amount of milk depends more upon the milker than the pasturage. If a man is afraid of a horse, the animal knows it before he goes into the stable. We have seen the most inoffensive cow in the herd so wrought upon by the nervousness of a greenhorn son of Erin, as to dextrously plant her foot in his breast and send him rolling heels-over-head. A noisy, boisterous fellow about fattening stables will cause a serious loss in gain of flesh to the animals. So important is quiet to them when they are digesting their food.

## RECEIPTS.

ROLLS.—Break an ounce of butter in very small pieces into a pound of the best flour, and add a little salt. Mix half an ounce of fresh German yeast, and a little pounded sugar in a teacupful of lukewarm new milk, make a hollow in the centre of the flour, and pour this in gradually, stirring in sufficient of the flour to make a thick batter; strew more flour on the top, cover the pan with a thick cloth, and let it stand in a warm kitchen to rise. In about an hour, if it have risen considerably, mix a lightly whisked egg with another teacupful of warm new milk, and make the mass into a smooth dough. Cover it over as before, and in about half or three quarters of an hour, turn it out on a paste-board, and divide into twelve portions of equal size. Knead these as lightly as possible into small round rolls, make a slight incision round them, and cut them once or twice across the top, placing them on slightly floured baking sheets a few inches apart. Let them remain a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to rise, then wash the tops over with yolk of egg, mixed with a little milk, and bake them in a brisk oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

BAKED BREAD OMELET.—Ingredients: 6 oz. of stale bread, without hard crust; 6 eggs; ½ oz. of parsley, and ½ oz. of lemon thyme. Instructions: Soften the bread thoroughly in a dish, with a little boiling water, covering it over, and let it soak for an hour—then mash it up with a fork, picking out the hard pieces, and adding the parsley and lemon thyme, chopped fine, with salt and pepper, as seasoning. Beat the eggs well, mix them intimately with the other ingredients, and bake in a butter dish. (buttered cold,) for about forty minutes. Turn it out of the dish, garnished with parsley, and serve with brown sauce.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY.—Clean 6 feet: put them on to boil in 2½ quarts water and ½ teaspoonful salt: boil down one-half, strain it, and when cold scrape off all the fat, using a piece of silk paper last. Put it into a porcelain kettle, add sugar and wine to the taste, the rind of 2 lemons and juice, the whites of 4 eggs and shells: let it boil hard 20 minutes, without stirring; strain it through a flannel bag into moulds. It is more likely to turn out perfectly if made the day before used.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Soak 8 table-spoonfuls pearl Tapioca in 1 quart water, several hours: put it in a saucepan with the same water, and let it boil slowly till clear and thick. Season with wine or lemon, and white sugar. Turn out in moulds.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 112 letters.
My 1, 20, 31, 67, 4, 8, 17, 68, 77, is a metal.
My 2, 42, 25, 86, 45, is a country in Africa.
My 5, 14, 6, 56, 16, 36, is a metal.
My 10, 3, 18, 22, 11, 24, 99 is a violent poison.
My 19, 7, 54, 15, 104, 102, 47, is an island.
My 23, 44, 64, 53, 21, 37, is a country in Asia.
My 27, 61, 26, 60, 66, 32, 33, is a country in Africa.
My 43, 79, 93, 20, 92, 51, is on almost every farm.
My 49, 59, 65, 105, are alike.
My 52, 57, 35, 91, is the second dignitary of a diocese.
My 69, 78, 62, 13, 80, 28, invented steamboats.
My 70, 89, are alike.
My 75, 100, 41, 87, 73, is a river in Europe.
My 80, 83, 12, is a river in America.
My 82, 63, 48, 107, is a color.
My 88, 95, 84, 76, 58, is very useful.
My 93, 81, 72, is a mountain range.
My 96, 50, 71, 39, 97, is an island.
My 98, 101, 74, is a sea.
My 106, 90, 112, is a city in Asia.
My 108, 7, is in the imperative mood.
My 109, 24, 29, is a color.
My 111, 17, 94, 103, 65, 110, is a town in Russia.
My 112, 24, 9, 33, 46, 40, is a numeral adjective.
My whole is a quotation from Longfellow.

PHILIP.

### Riddle.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My first is in brittle but not in little.
My second is in great but not in late.
My third is in aim but not in care.
My fourth is in tool but not in school.
My fifth is in airy but not in wary.
My sixth is in psalm but not in bam.
My seventh is in high but not in sky.
My eighth is in pain but not in deign.
My ninth is in marque but not in park.
My tenth is in pretty but not in witty.
My eleventh is in grace but not in place.
My twelfth is in minks but not in lynx.
My thirteenth is in crest but not in breast.
My fourteenth is in peach but not in speech.
My whole is one of the countries of the Western Continent.

ABBOTTSTOWN, Pa. D. H. M.

### Problem.

Three aged persons, viz.: A, B, and C, were comparing their several ages together. Says A: "My age plus the one-third of the ages of both B and C will amount to 121 years." Says B: "My age plus the one-fourth of the ages of both A and C will amount to 117 years." Says C: "My age plus the one-fifth of the ages of both A and B will amount to 125 years." Then D, who was standing by, says: "And as for me: If I multiply *my* age by 6 the product will amount to the sum of all three of yourages." What was the respective age of each? X.

### Mathematical Problem.

A, B, and C, set out at the same time to travel to a town 40 miles off. A can travel 1 mile per hour. B, 2 miles per hour, but C, who has a horse and buggy, travels 8 miles per hour. C takes up A and carries him so far that he can go back and take up B, so that all three will arrive at the end of their journey at the same time. How far does each one travel alone?

☞ Send solution to Jonathan Berry, Box 501, Newport, Campbell county, Ky.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty London newspaper? Ans.—They are illustrations of Punch.

☞ Who is the most liberal man? Ans.—The grocer; he gives almost everything he has a weigh.

☞ Why are teeth like verbs? Ans.—They are regular, irregular, and defective.

☞ When is a thief like a seamstress? Ans.—When he cuts and runs.

☞ Why are your nose and your handkerchief like deadly enemies? Ans.—Because they never meet but they come to blows.

☞ What burns to keep a secret? Ans.—Sealing wax, to be sure.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold."

CHARADE.—Benjarmassin, a city in the island of Borneo.—(Ben-jar-mass-in.)

### Notice.

Those sending enigmas are respectfully requested to send a full solution of them in addition to the regular answer. With problems the answer alone is sufficient.

A STRATIFIED PUDDING.—When meat is inclosed in a paste, and the whole plunged into boiling water, two of the greatest requirements of good cookery are fulfilled. The heat penetrates the entire mass with extreme slowness, and the meat is very gradually cooked; again, the temperature in the interior never rises to 212 deg., the heat of the boiling water, and consequently the fibrine of the flesh is never hardened: hence, if the meat is good and tender to begin with, the cook can hardly spoil it by too great a degree of heat. Above all, whatever peculiar flavors may be possessed by the ingredients employed, they are perfectly preserved; there is no possibility of their escape through the impervious layer of paste by which they are surrounded: consequently there is a more appetizing aroma when a well-made meat pudding is opened than is given out by the uncovering of any other dish. This pudding, which can be made of any required size, consists of four layers or strata; hence its geological title of "stratified pudding." The first of these layers consists of small button mushrooms, which are put in the bottom of the basin. On this is to be placed a layer of sheep's kidneys, split in half; then follows a tertiary formation, consisting of the most tender rump or fillet steak; and finally a layer of oysters crowns the work; the proper seasoning being added, and the liquor of the oysters poured in, before the crust incloses the whole. This pudding, like one made in the ordinary manner, requires a time for cooking proportionate to its size.